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of novels and tales dealing
with American city life.
1891

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A

DESCRIPTIVE LIST

OF

NOVELS AND TALES

DEALING WITH

AMERICAN CITY LIFE,

INCLUDING SOME WORKS DESCRIPTIVE OF COUNTRY LIFE OMITTED FROM PREVIOUS LIST.

COMPILED BY
W: M. GRISWOLD, A. B.
EDITOR OF "THE MONOGRAPH", A COLLECTION OF FIFTY-FOUR HISTORICAL AND
BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS; AND OF "TRAVEL," A SIMILAR SERIES
DEVOTED TO PLACES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS:
W: M. GRISWOLD, PUBLISHER.
1891.

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NOVELS OF AMERICAN CITY LIFE.

The object of this list is to direct readers, such as would enjoy the kind of books here described, to a number of novels, easily obtainable, but which, in many cases, have been forgotten within a year or two after publication. That the existence of works of fiction is remembered so short a time is a pity, since, for every new book of merit, there are, in most libraries, a hundred as good or better, unknown to the majority of readers. It is hoped that the publication of this and similar lists will lessen, in some measure, the disposition to read an inferior NEW *book when superior* OLD *books, equally fresh to most readers, are at hand.*

This list will be followed by others describing INTERNATIONAL, ROMANTIC, ECCENTRIC and FANCIFUL novels and tales. The compiler would be pleased to have his attention called to any works deserving a place which have escaped his attention. It may be observed that the compiler has tried to include only such works as are well-written, interesting, and free from sensationalism, sentimentality, and pretense. But in a few cases, books have been noticed on account of the reputation of their authors, or their great popularity, rather than their merit.

The selected "notices" here given are generally abridged.

ABRAHAM PAGE, ESQ. [by J: SAUNDERS HOLT: *Lippincott*, 1869.] "To read them is to get much the same kind of pleasure that one finds in listening to the talk of a shrewd, sensible old man, such as one occasionally meets in out-of-the-way country places, who, having spent all his days in one spot, has been colored by his surroundings to the very marrow, and whose judgments on men and things, if they have the defect of being provincial and narrow, have also the virtue of resulting fairly from his own observations . . . But usually he confines himself closely to the matter he has in hand. That matter is description of life and manners in the little **Southern** village where he was born, and where he lived all his days in the comfortable assurance that life had nothing better or pleasanter to offer than what could be found within its limits. Contentment is certainly a virtue, and it is hard to say who could practise it with greater hopes of success than a man situated as "Mr. Page" describes himself to have been, who felt the pleasant conviction that to be a gentleman was the chief end of man, and that only a Southerner, the owner of slaves, could ever hope to attain it. Under such circumstances, a cheerful serenity and a calm confidence in surveying and analyzing the meaner works of God's hand could hardly fail to be engendered in any bosom. Such was the result, at all events, in "Mr. Page's" case; and, considering the 2 unaffectedly pleasant books which, but for this satisfaction with himself and this thōro persuasion of the soundness of all his positions, would certainly have been less peculiarly pleasant, we find in ourselves not the least disposition to quarrel with it. Mr. Page has looked at life with

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eyes of a shrewd, humorous, and quasi-filosofical observer, and has told in an easy and natural way what he has seen and what he has thôt about it." [Nation. 179

ACROSS THE CHASM. [by JULIA MAGRUDER: *Scribner*.1885.] "This is done throu the personality of Margaret Trevennon, an exceptionally charming and unprejudiced Southern girl, who acquires her first experience of Northern character during a winter spent in **Washington**. This is not a Hyperborean latitude for studying Northern character, but even here Margaret finds such a change from the social customs and minor morals to which she has been accustomed that it can only be wondered what she would have found in a chillier region—Boston, for instance. The chief subject of her wonder and of her animadversions is the careful anxiety with which 'Northerners' choose their acquaintances, shielding themselves from social derogation and desirous to be intimate only in 'the best circles'. She cannot understand why 'a lady born and reared should even have to think of anything like that'; and is of opinion that it is too disagreeable a puzzle 'to decide whom to treat civilly and whom to snub'; an idea which is derided by her Washington cousin as a 'hi-flown Southern notion' of too general hospitality. This discriminating Margaret is the centre of many pleasing pictures of the liter aspects of social life, and sits in serene judgment upon the conflicting claims of 3 lovers—an amiable but indolent and 'shiftless' Carolinian, an energetic and ambitious New-Yorker, and a polished cosmopolitan who has outgrown any special sympathy with either section." [American. 180

ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW. The [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *Osgood*, 1884.] "In this social study, or rather satire, the well known censor of fashionable life in **New-York** assumes to wê and judge the different elements of society thêre, to contrast the merits and demerits of various cliques and to pronounce upon their comparative claims to respect, the chief types chosen being ultra-fashionable and LITERARY New-York. The connecting link between these diverse elements is the widow of promised adventures, Pauline Varick, young, rich, of bluest Knickerbocker blood, who has gained dearly bôt experience from a short but unhappy mercenary mariage. Disgusted with the emptiness, frivolity, meaness of aim, and poverty of achievement of the social circle in which she had been trained to her matrimonial bargain and sale, the aim of her riper years is to make herself the centre of a new and better form of society of which the members shall be 'men and women of intellectual calibre, workers, not drones; thinkers, writers, artists, poets, scholars.' Aided by the versatile and fascinating Irish-American journalist, Kindelon, and a literary Mrs. Dares and her 2 dâuters, she succeeds in establishing her 'salon' and assembles in her luxurious mansion the best which can be gathered of literary and artistic workers. Fresh from contact with Mrs. Poughkeepsie's circle of aristocratic pretension and idealess vacuity, she hopes to interest herself in the society of historians, novelists, essayists, poets, sculptors and painters. But the experiment is not a success. Her assemblage of lions snap, snarl, and lacerate each other and their hostess. Rude things are said and done, egotists prate of themselves and theorists romp on their hobby-horses unchecked." [American]—"We should not wonder if some of Mr. Fawcett's portraits—perhaps all of them—had been furtively done from life, and if he mit lâf at the success with which he has set a few obnoxious individuals in the pillory of type. It is hard to feel, for example, that in the company assembled at Mrs. Varick's first salon—in Mr. Prawle, Mr. Trevor, and Mr. Corson, the poets, and in Mr. Bedloe, [Roe ?], the pietistic novelist, 'who wrote 'The Christian Knight in Armour,' we do not see caricatures of authors familiar to us all. The appearance of these figures is the signal for a good deal of debate and criticism on books, authors, reading, and the general intellectual and literary life." [Bost."Lit.World." 181

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ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. The [by 'M: TWAIN:' *American Publishing Co.*, 1876.] ". . . The tale is very dramatically wrôt, and the subordinate characters are treated with the same grafic force which sets Tom alive before us. The worthless vagabond, Huck Finn, is entirely delitful throuout, and in his promised reform, his identity is respected; he will lead a decent life in order that he may one day be thôt worthy to become a member of that gang of robbers which Tom is to organize. Tom's aunt is excellent, with her kind heart's sorrow and secret pride in Tom; and so is his sister Mary, one of those good girls who are born to usefulness and charity and forbearance and unvarying rectitude. Many village people and local notables are introduced in well conceived character; the whole little town lives in the reader's sense, with its religiousness, its lawlessness, its droll social distinctions, its civilization qualified by its slave-holding and its traditions of the wilder West which has passed away. The picture will be instructive to those who have fancied the whole **Southwest** a sort of vast Pike County, and have not conceived of a sober and serious and orderly contrast to the sort of life that has come to represent the Southwest in literature." [Atlantic. **182**

ALICE BRAND. [by ALBERT GALLATIN RIDDLE: *Appleton*, 1875.] "The author is very much in earnest about reproducing the life of a given place and period [**Washington**, 1865-9] as it passed under his eyes, and has done well to give us portraits instead of purely typical figures. . . . The perspective and finish of the book are unsatisfactory; background and foreground are interchangeable; and the love-story of Col. Mason and Ellen Berwick far outstrips in interest that of Frank and Alice. Mason's Congressional experiences give rise to some rather interesting passages, which, with the scenic and somewhat questionable glimpses of lobbying and pardon-broking operations, suggest regions of research from which a master mit draw something worthy the pains. . . . But, with all its faults and its weakness, 'Alice Brand' has vigor in it; the study of the mischievous, honest, impetuous American youth, Grayson Vane, is not bad; and among American novels which make a point of being water-marked with their nationality, it will stand above the average." [Nation. **183**

AMBITIOUS WOMAN. An [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *Houghton*, 1883.] "This novel deals with the career of Claire Twining, who from an early age has set before herself the ambition of mounting from a very humble station to a hi position in society, and finally accomplishes her aim by unscruplous efforts and the aid of her exceptional beauty and charm,— a charm which is strong enuf to beguile the reader of her history into a sort of sympathy with her, in spite of the crass selfishness with which she avows and follows sordid and intrinsically vulgar aims. . . . The success of Claire in gaining a position in this carefully defended oligarchy [in **N. Y.**], her trials, and hazards, and losses, and the manner in which she finally snatches victory from defeat, must not be forestalled for the reader. The aim of the author is professedly to show the vanity and worthlessness of her ambition, its barren fertility, and the shallowness of its selfish joys; but in his desire to excuse his heroine and render her worthy of the reader's sympathies. Mr. Fawcett makes his point too well. The pomps and vanities which are Claire's allurements are depicted in too attractive colors. The ginger is too hot in the mouth, and the cakes and ale too savory, to be given up without reluctance. The sad shadow of satiety which infallibly follows the sunglare of such worldly joys and successes is not allowed to be seen at all. Claire loses her fortune, to be sure, and concludes to comfort herself with family affection; but the reader may imagine that with a return of her former wealth would come former ambitions. Altogether there may be reasonable doubts of Mr. Fawcett's success in inculcating his moral, but there can be none about the entertaining qualities of his book. It is not only readable

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but charming." [American.]—"It is the story of a penniless girl, who, understanding clearly what she wishes in life, understands the time to seize and hold every opportunity and make every step in her career promote her ambition. The story is in no respect a pleasing one, the characters being not only unlovely in themselves, but with false tendencies which permit no illusions. The heroine, Claire, strikes us as a somewhat wooden and conventional person, limited and hindered by sordid and prosaic ideas. Quite untouched by the passion she inspires in her husband, she finds nothing in his single-hearted devotion which she is not ready to throw away when reverses come. This is the weakest place in the book, and at the same time offers Mr. Fawcett his best opportunity, for the wronged husband's nobility and goodness at this crisis go far to retrieve the story from commonplace· The reality of Claire's final repentance and atonement impresses us but feebly. Worldliness is not a temporary folly, which may be assumed or dismissed at pleasure, but is the result of deficient insit, narrow sympathies, and a barren heart." [Lippincott's. **184**

AMERICAN POLITICIAN. An [by F. M. CRAWFORD: *Houghton*, 1884.] A clever, amusing, and interesting sketch of **Boston** society, with some political scenes truthfully and entertainingly done. Most of the political matter however, is dull, and a part is so preposterous,—not to say childish—as to form a political "Alice's Adventures." **185**

ANGLOMANIACS. The [by CONSTANCE (CARY) HARRISON: *Cassell*, 1890.] Tho only half as long as is usual, this is a nearer approach to a successful novel of american [**New-York**] society than anything previously published. It is full of shrewd observation and clever talk, without sacrificing to these features its interest as a story. In the first three-quarters of the book there is no occasion for unfavorable criticism, except, perhaps, as to the title, which is at least inadequate. The struggle in which the heroine is involved and her mother exclusively engaged is not, except incidentally, the aping of english manners;—it is rather an example of the constant effort, always going on in a wealthy society, of the newly-enriched to conquer a position among leading families. The possibility of winning a title into the bargain—may, or may not, add new interest to the game. In this story, the use of the english connection appears to be to serve as a fulcrum for Archimedes' lever. —Towards the close of the story the author appears to have spent her force, and lost her interest, so that she cuts the knot of the story instead of untwisting it, which would have produced a more satisfactory, tho a more laborious conclusion. **186**

ANNALS OF BROOKDALE. [by F. (BOOTT) GREENOUGH: *Lippincott*, 1881.] "A pleasant idyllic picture of the **New-England** village of 25 or 30 years ago." [Atlantic. **187**

ANNE. [by C. F. WOOLSON: *Harper*, 1882.] "If Miss Woolson has stood easily at the head of American women novelists, it is less because she has given us the best than because she has given us little but the best. In Miss Phelps we have to forgive some superfluous sentiment; in Mrs. Davis an extreme degree of the uncanny element; in Mrs. Burnett, the impossible refinement of her 'lower class' characters; in Mrs. Spofford, a Disraelish tendency to mother-of-pearl bedsteads and diamond studded thimbles. Miss Woolson makes no demands of this sort upon our clemency. Her longest sustained effort, the novel 'Anne', promised, for 400 pages, to be all that we had learned to expect from her. When, therefore, toward the close we find that Miss Woolson resorts to melodramatic clap-trap of the cheapest variety to unite her lovers—that there is to be not only a plot but a climax, and that they are all to live happily ever after, the artistic mistake is so colossal, so incongruous, so incredible, that we are not merely disappointed; we lâf. . . . The story divides itself easily into 3 parts; the first, a series of clear, exquisite etchings, giving in distinct tho colorless outlines a picture of the

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pallid winters on the great northern lakes; the second, a water-color, giving a picture of society, as illustrated by summer boarders, with all the fidelity of a fotograf, but with a lit and color which are the author's own;—the third, a chromo—such a mixture of murder and mariage, of heliotrope and orange blossoms, that perhaps the less said of it the better." . . . [Critic. 188

ANNIE KILBURN. [by W: D. HOWELLS: *Harper*, 1889.] "For the story of her attempts, her failures, and her successes—in which last she is not rich—readers must go to the pages of what seems to us the best book Mr. Howells has written. He has certainly never given us in one novel so many portraits of intrinsic interest. Annie Kilburn herself is a masterpiece of quietly veracious art,—the art which depends for its effect on unswerving fidelity to the truth of nature; but because she is painted in low tones, she stands out from the canvas a little less distinct than 1 or 2 of the other figures. Mr. Peck, the minister, is a striking character, a sort of Savonarola in homespun. He is as enthusiastic in his way as Miss Kilburn is in hers: tho while her enthusiasm is sanguine, his is sombre, and he has a finer grasp of the facts of life, because he sets his face like a flint against pleasant illusions. If the portrait of Mr. Peck be notably impressive, that of the clever, superficially cynical, but essentially kindly Bohemian, Ralph Putney, is as notably brilliant. The defect of the ordinary clever man of fiction is that we do not hear his cleverness, we only hear about it; but Putney's clear sited, biting persiflage sparkles and coruscates for Mr. Howells' readers, and is not left to be accepted by them on vague report. Above all, we feel that he is a human being, not a mere costumed machine for the turning out of epigrams; indeed the main charm of 'Annie Kilburn' lies in the fact that it arouses and maintains our interest in the wholesome commonplaces of human nature and human experience of which we can never tire." [Spectator.] See also notice in "Novels of Country Life." 189

ANTONY BRADE. [by ROBERT [T. S.] LOWELL: *Roberts*, 1874.] "This story, 'lovingly written for all who have been boys or are boys or like boys,' is wholesome, hearty, human. It gives pictures of life at a boy's school under Episcopal influences ["St. Marks"] in a **New-England** country town, [Southboro, Mass.] and of society in that little gossiping world. The pivot of interest round which the story revolves is the mystery concerning the history of Antony Brade, who is a charming yet thoroly boylike figure, and whose companions are described to the life in thêir studies, thêir mischief, thêir play. Mr. Parmenter, [Burnett] the fussy, meddlesome trustee of the school, whose wealth, acquired in the sale of perfumery, gives him the airs of a lord of the manor, is drawn with special felicity. Mr. Lowell's 'New Priest at Conception Bay' proved that he had rare power of giving genuine pictures out of fresh and unwonted scenes for men and women; his present book is successful in making picturesque fases of life which are familiar to us, and without formally inculcating any 'morals,' is leavened with hi principles and Christian spirit." [Unitarian Review. 190

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE. [by J. G. HOLLAND: *Scribner*, 1873.] "The moral is well pointed thêrein, but conventional verbiage, threadbare platitudes, feeble clatter, and decorous inanity are wont to be resented by resolute, impetuous souls who are eager for the retarded dénouement. . . . Whatever be the verdict in regard to the literary merit of "Arthur Bonnicastle," it is safe to predict for it a genial, generous reception from those who entertain a harmless, enthusiastic sort of respect for florid simplicity, almost suffocating propriety, and the most patient and faithful indoctrination of moral lessons. Over such the work will diffuse a cheering caloric, and a mildly pleasant radiance. [Overland. 191

AS IT MAY HAPPEN [by "TREBOR" (RO. S. DAVIS): *Porter & Coates*, 1879.] "first challenges attention by the claim to be a novel of American life and charac-

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ter." It is a novel of rather low life and generally worthless character; and it is to be hoped that this does not make it more distinctively American, tho the author evidently thinks it does. . . .There is an abundance of disagreeable incident in the story, and no lack, from the outset, of action; but toward its close, surprises come tumbling down; the author breaks into a kind of war-dance, and there is something so broadly farcical in his distribution of princely fortunes and assignment of brownstone fronts to the (comparatively) virtuous upon the last page that one wonders if, after all, he may not have written this book upon a wager as to how preposterous a farrago the public would accept in the way of domestic fiction. There are certain involuntary vulgarisms in the style, however,—like the incessant use of 'transpire' for occur,—which forbid the supposition of deliberate mockery. It is particularly hard to take a book of this sort seriously and consider it with patience. Yet, concluding it to have been written in good faith, we are resolved to dwell on it for a little, because, curiously bad as much of the present performance is, it is yet haunted by a strange kind of amorfous possibility of merit. In the first place, it has the indubitable advantage of a scene laid in the **Middle States.** The very quietude and indifference of that region, its neutrality amid the stress of effort and the storms of faction which have raged on either side of it for a hundred years, have allowed the deposit of a soil, the exhalation of a certain dreamy atmosfere, favorable, or at least possible, for romance. . . . **Pennsylvania,** the paradise of the lazy and the byword of the progressive, whose long drawn name, even, is compounded of Quaker flegm & rustic monotony and ends in a yawn.—Pennsylvania furnished scenery for all those intense and original studies of Mrs. (Harding) Davis, and for Bayard Taylor's most powerful and symmetrical novel, the Story of Kennett; and, thanks to the fact that its antic action passes precisely thêre, even 'As it May Happen' is thōroly invested with an atmosfere and equipped with a landscape. It is also—what is yet more unusual—equipped with a plot, which the author is somewhat too impatient to unravel, but which is ingenious if not new; and thêre is real humor." [Atlantic. **192**

ASCHENBROEDEL, [by K. CARRINGTON: *Roberts*, 1882.] "The Aschenbrödel of this volume lived in an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned **New-England** town. She had good books and a sparkling mind; a fun-loving, nature-loving, girlish spirit, in a vigorous, elastic body, with no petty pride yet quite enuf of the nobler sort; ambition is as natural to such a spirit as it is to that of the robust boy who has his fortune to make. Alice had the mental training and some of the luxuries of the educated and refined, but the locus of the stranded. For, tho she remembered better days,—a brother in college and college friends of his, one of whom still existed in her mind as the ideal youth, —yet the fortune of the family was not large and her social mates, including the brother and the ideal youth, were gone. Books and magazines were hers, and the echoes of a distant intellectual life, an exhilarating sense of the possibilities of her own nature; but a depressing sense of the probabilities of her future." [Century. **193**

ASPENDALE, [by HARRIET WATERS PRESTON: *Roberts*, 1871.] "The quiet currant of this tale follows 2 friends, Christine and Zoe, who have retired to a **New-England** village; and its main interest, as is usual in retired lives, is chiefly derived from the conversations and thōts which are set in the outer framework of the story." [Religious Magazine. **194**

AT DAYBREAK, [by "A. Stirling," i.e., ANNIE LYDIA (MCPHAIL) KIMBALL: *Osgood*, 1884.] "is a decidedly pleasant little novel—somewhat faulty in construction, but still containing nice people and written in agreeable language. It does not caricature, and exaggerates very little; it is thōroly unpretentious; and it has an agreeable air of freshnesss and originality. The heroine is both sweet and natural and the story ends well." [Overland. **195**

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NEW-ENGLAND FARM-HOUSE, The [by N. H. CHAMBERLAIN: *Carleton*, 1865.] "The value of this portraiture of **New-England** life and associations lies in the charm of old romance, which Mr. Chamberlain, a late convert from Unitarianism, and the rector of a Connecticut parish, has thrown into stern Puritanism. What Kingsley has done to throw a fascination around the Puritan maiden, he has done to soften the hardness with which we regard life in New-England. It is a less skilful pen he holds than Hawthorne's, but the delineation is often as exquisite. Mr. Chamberlain has done in prose what Longfellow has done in the 'Courtship of Miles Standish.' He has not attempted the impossible thing, as did Sylvester Judd in his 'Margaret;' but he has painted the familiar scenes and incidents of the country life of to-day, and of a century ago, with poetical feeling and a delicate religious touch. He lacks just the indescribable something to make him a poet, but his prose is all the better because he is not a poet. The book has its limitations, and a large class of persons—the realists—will be entirely disappointed in it; the other class—who like the home-touches of Whittier and the dreaminess of Longfellow—will be delited with it. The volume is open, too, to severe criticism; it is much disjointed; it tends to mannerism in style; the story is incomplete and unsatisfactory." [Church Monthly. **196**

BASSETT CLAIM, The, [by H: RUTHERFORD ELLIOT: *Putnam*, 1884.] "is a story of Washington life with the usual setting of legislative intrigues kept well in the background, while the real interest depends upon the loves of young men and women, and the struggles of the former to get on in the world. The story is very simple and very natural, with just a dash of mystery at the end to give it a romantic flavor. The people one meets in its pages make no pretence of being anything more than ordinary human beings, with some knowledge and cultivation, and as a consequence turn out to be very pleasant acquaintances. The most pleasant one of all, perhaps, is old Tom Bassett. This kindly old gentleman's influence is seen here and there throuout, tho he dies almost at the opening of the story, with the title of his bill, 'for the relief of old Tom Bassett,' upon his lips. His long life had been spent mainly in efforts to have his and the other French-Spoliation claims paid, and the brevity of the few touches with which the genial impression of him is given adds to its distinctness The whole story, in fact, is told with a directness, with now and then a vein of sprītly humor, which relieve a somewhat open and ineffective plot. With more sombre treatment it would have proved wearisome; for there is nothing absorbing in the fact that old Tom's great-nefew should go to **Washington** to help forward the claim; nor that his mother and sister should follow him; nor that he should fancy himself in love with a pretty girl, be jilted, and forget her; nor even in the fact that his college chum should have been all along in love with Miss Bassett, and finally mary her. But these simple elements are so well developed that, with the frequency of lively conversation and epigrams, and the slīt air of mystery, and the charm about Miss Sheffield, the story is never dull. [Nation. **197**

BETTER TIMES, [by ELLEN [WARNER] (OLNEY) KIRK: *Ticknor*, 1889.] "One of the best is 'The Story of a Silk Dress,'—It has so much variety of incident, such fertility of invention, so free an infusion of humor and humorous situations, and so happy a sketching of quaint characters, that it would bear, we think, to be arranged as a 'parlor comedy', and would be very much more lively and interesting than many offered us in that guise. The one which gives title to the volume, 'Better Times,' is full of dramatic situations, a strong, earnest story. 'These Tales,' the author says in a brief Prefatory Note, "were written in the better times when she was younger, and when stories made themselves out of instinct and sympathy, rather than from experience or observation, and when painstaking realism was not thôt of';

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but it must not be supposed from this that they have not been carefully constructed, or that they lack a true art." [Amer. **198**

BONNYBOROUGH [by ADELINE DUTTON (TRAIN) WHITNEY: *Houghton*, 1886.] "is a worthy successor to 'The Wide, Wide World' and other 'talky' books, in which the characters made muffins, invented new readings of Bible texts injected into New-England slang, and were generally harmless idiots with a mania." [Catholic World.] "Four people in it are eventually maried; but besides courtships, with the usual amount of allegory baffling the intelligence of even quite sentimental critics, there seems singularly little for one, in the slang of the day, 'to catch on' to. There is page after page, chapter after chapter, of village gossip, or picnics, or nice little meals, or heart-rending analysis of motive, and quite incomprehensible metafor and simile; but there seems much less of the charm which Mrs. Whitney used to infuse even into her wildest soarings into the Infinite or divings into the Eternal."—[Critic.] "It contains the usual exasperating quantity of affectations, epigrams, ejaculations, clasping of hands dramatically over small matters, which have been long destroying, in the esteem of critical people, the work of a writer who once promised so well. There is thôt underneath all this, and Mrs. Whitney's people are always alive; but the growth of this disastrous sentimentalism and mannerism upon her have sadly alienated many who started in hopefully with her in the day of 'Faith Gartney' and 'Leslie Goldthwaite'." (No. 149) [Overland. **199**

BOSTONIANS, The, [by H: JAMES: *Macmillan*, 1886.] "To speak after the manner of Mr. James' distressingly conscientious characters, I am not sure that it is quite rit for anyone to read 'The Bostonians' throu, so long as anything useful or entertaining remains to be done on earth. An anomalous young Southerner gradually falls in love with a young girl of uncanny, sibylline eloquence and charlatanic parentage. He has for his chief rival an unwholesome Boston spinster of disordered nerves who turns tragical over the fear that her friend of friends may make common cause with the tyrant-man. A featureless collector of bric-à-brac would rather like to mary the heroine himself. The inevitable Europeanized young widow makes rather more ardent love to the hero. He fails in a very interesting way as a lawyer, a magazinist, and a child's tutor. He proses, she proses, all prose. At last there is an altogether superfluous elopement, with hints that the happy couple will starve before long, unless they can live on her inspiration and his political recalcitrancy. That is about all, except elaborate pictures of corner groceries, cheap lodging-houses, and other things of like interest." [Lippincott's] "Another chapter of 'The Bostonians' is kindly supplied by "HENRIETTA JAMES," in a tiny pamflet [Bloomfield, N. J.: *S. M. Hulin.*] The author is quite rit in feeling that the true interest of the Tarrant-Ransom affair lay, not in how Ransom won Miss Tarrant, but in how they 'got on' after he had won her. It is not impossible that the author is also rit in thinking that they did not 'get on' at all; that Mr. Ransom finally ran away with Mrs. Luna, leaving Mrs. Ransom to go back with her baby to Olive Chancellor, take up her life-work again, and finally mary Burrage." [Critic. **200**

BREAD-WINNERS, The [by J: HAY: *Harper*, 1884.] "Altho 'The Bread-Winners' is called a 'social study' the writer seems to have brôt to his task strong preconceptions, not to say prejudices, and adhered to them throuǒut the story with a rigid consistency which does not belong to actual life. He shows everywhere the careful observation not of a humorist, or even of a man of the world to whom class-differences, all outside manifestations of human beings, are characteristic and suggestive, but of a man of fastidious taste who has been forced into over-close contact with coarse habits and ruf talk and shrunk back from them in disgust. Were this an every-day story, the author's prepossessions would be a matter of little importance. His all-conquering hero,

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Farnham, gifted with every distinction and charm, mīt, all unchallenged, put his foot on the neck of the dragon he so easily destroys, and win the plaudits of his admirers. But, dealing as he does with a serious problem like that which the labor question presents, one is surprised to find a clever author, whose sīt is accurate and whose experience seems to have been something actual, apparently sliting the claims of his subject." [Lippincott's.] "But the most vital contribution to the social study, if not the central figure in the whole composition, is the carpenter's dauter, Maud Matchin. To the gallery of national types—thus far a very limited one, she forms a distinct and significant addition. Those who have noticed the type will recognize at once the veracity of this representation; and those who are not familiar with it will understand, from the decision with which she is modeled, that Maud is no make-believe creature. A beautiful, hard, sordid, and commonplace girl, whose mind is warped by wild desires for social advancement, she is the exponent as well as the victim of a badly regulated education in the public schools. In this instance, the author has suggested unflinchingly, and with a great deal of discernment, one of the most curious and perplexing fenomena in that condition of things which is known as American civilization. Maud is not a pleasant person to contemplate, but she is alarmingly real; and her destiny, in marying a falsely acquitted murderer, very likely intimates only the tithe of the evil which development of that sort of character is accomplishing. Against the discouraging and possibly exaggerated background in which these coarser personages move, the author sets his hero, Farnham, and his heroine, Alice Belding, with her worldly, well-disposed but somewhat blunt-minded mother, surrounded by a group of outlined figures who stand for society in **[Cleveland.]** It may be said in passing that the tone and characteristics of a town or 'city' of that description are conveyed by this novelist almost to perfection,—a thing which, so far as we remember, no one has even attempted to do before." [Atlantic. **201**

BRETON MILLS, The, [by C: Jo. BELLAMY: *Putnam*, 1879.] "comes near being a really powerful story. The author calls it a romance, and therefore disallows being called to a strict account for knowledge of human nature or probable succession of events; but it is a pity, since he has experience and ability to do as well as he does in the earlier part of the book, that he should not have bestirred himself to do a really good piece of work. As it is, the story is like a chimera, which begins with a human figure and ends with arabesque. The Breton Mills are apparently woolen mills, owned by one man. There are 1000 work-people in these mills, and the interest of the book consists in the exposition of the poverty of the operatives and the imperious will of the owner—one aspect of the strife between labor and capital. There are powerful pieces of description. The burning of the mill, with the varying instincts and influences acting on the operatives, who could have saved it but do not, is very dramatic, and the cautious endeavor on the part of Philip Breton to deal justly and kindly, when he inherits the mill property, with the early gratitude and subsequent discontent of 'the hands' is well described; but the heroine of the love-story is an impossible creature, who elopes with an eloquent 'workingman's orator,' lives with him for more than a year, and then returns to her father's house to be as much as ever the 'idol and the fancy's queen' of Philip Breton. He maries her with enthusiasm, in spite of the gravest doubts as to her reputation, and presently flings up all his plans, gets rid of his mills, and flees with his wife to Europe, since the speech and the looks of those around express contempt for her. This is a lame and impotent conclusion, resembling the fall rather than the rise of the rocket. Nevertheless the book is worth reading for its insīt into the life of the workers with their hands. There is exaggeration and incoherence in the style,

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but there is also some knowledge and some sympathy." [Nation. 202

BROUGHTON HOUSE, The [by BLISS PERRY: *Scribner*, 1890.] "is one of the least ambitious of stories——almost without plot or movement of the usual kind, and yet full of the interest which character always inspires. It is a bit of genre painting—quiet and delicate like 'Cranford,' with humor and pathos just rippling the placid surface. The Village of Broughton is in **New-England** [Berkshire county] far enuf from the railway to preserve its rural simplicity. There is 'a level half-mile of elm-arched street,' with the great white Congregational church at one end, and the Academy building at the other. Midway between them, the broad, grassy street widens into a gravelled space in front of the village inn, The Broughton House." [Life. 203

BROWNS, The, [by M.. PRUDENCE (WELLS) SMITH: *Roberts*, 1884.] "is the simple and pretty story of some brīt. pleasant and sensible people, not too brīt and good for human nature's daily food. It is by the author of 'Jolly Good Times,' [No. 64] and if not exactly 'jolly' itself, is 'good' and pleasing." [Critic. 204

BURGLARS IN PARADISE [by E.. S. (PHELPS) WARD: *Houghton*, 1886.] "is a continuation of 'An Old Maid's Paradise' [☞ No. **103**] that having been an idyl, while this is mostly comedy. The author mixes burlesque with realism, so that in the midst of reading what Corona, or Puelvir, or Matthew Launcelot, really did, related with delicate truth to character, you are told with an unchanged air of simple veracity of something which of course they did not do, but only approximated. There is no danger of deceiving the unwary, but there is of mixing flavors incongruously." [Overland. 205

BUTTON'S INN. [by A. W. TOURGEE: *Roberts*, 1887.] "The story of itself really has a genuine and wholesome interest, and one follows the fortunes of Dolly Button and her two worthy, generous lovers with a feeling which grows to be personal and warm-hearted. The success in life of the hero is not fenomenal nor undeserved, and there is not one who has the true american spirit who will think any the less of him for attempting and achieving it. In fact, the modern spirit all over the world deems the man who does not want money as materially defective, and would vote Plutarch's words in praise of Coriolanus, that 'it is the hīer accomplishment to use money well than arms; but not to need it is more noble than to use it' entirely obsolete." [Nation. 206

CARPET KNIGHT, A. [by "HARFORD FLEMMING" i. e., HARRIET (HARE) McCLELLAN: *Houghton*, 1885.] "The charm of the book,—for charm it has,—is in its reproduction of refined manners and those slīt shades of difference in personality which our modern conventional life affords. The story is slīt,—we are bound to say that it is no more bewildering than the streets of the city [**Philadelphia**] in which its scenes are laid; but as he reads one grows lazily indifferent to the mere plot, and finds himself taking a cheerful interest in the several persons of the story. It is something to have a story of American society which is as amiable and smooth as much of our urban society is. In its way it reinforces one's confidence in good manners. One is reminded that the ordinary amenities of life are not disregarded. He may know this well enuf from his experience, but he will scarcely know it from current fiction; and so, while 'A Carpet Knight' will not stir his soul or take him into a hīly analyzed circle of human beings, it will leave him with the comfortable feeling that he has passed an agreeable evening in society without the necessity of dressing his tired body and bracing his mind for the purpose." [Atlantic.]—"In the 'Carpet Knight' not a trace of rational purpose is discoverable. It is made up of chatter: to call it conversation were profanity. This chatter is pretty evenly distributed among a dozen or so of people who live in Philadelphia, and one or two who go thither occasionally from Boston and New-Rochelle, whence they were doubtless temporarily exiled by nēbors

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having a share of that irascibility which accompanies moderate intelligence. It is barely possible that the author had an inspiring idea—no other than to sing again the joys and splendors of the 'Assembly,' a sacred institution for which, as is well known in polite circles, Philadelphia exists." [Nation. **207**

CECIL DREEME, [by THEO. WINTHROP: *Ticknor*, 1861.] "The incidents of the novel occur in some of the best known localities of **New-York.** Nobody can mistake Chuzzlewit Hotel and Chrysalis College. Every traveler has put up at the first and visited some literary or artistic friend at the second. Indeed, Winthrop seems to have deliberately chosen the localities of his story with the special purpose of showing that passions almost as terrible as those which are celebrated in the tragedies of Aiskulos and Sophokles may rage in the ordinary lodging-houses of New-York. He has succeeded in throwing an atmosfere of mystery over places which are essentially commonplace; and he has done it by the intensity with which he has conceived and represented the eternal thôts, struggles, and emotions of the men and women by whom these edifices are inhabited." [Atlantic. **208**

CHANTICLEER: A THANKSGIVING STORY. [by CORNELIUS MATHEWS: Boston, *Munsey & Co.*, 1850.] "That a period which—apart from its hier purposes—is consecrated to good eating and drinking should be likewise celebrated by an appropriate literary offering, is a very happy idea, which Mr. Mathews has pleasantly carried out. Our yearly festival of Thanksgiving is connected with all those cherished recollections of youth which neither grow dim with age nor become obliterated by the ceaseless turmoil of this anxious life. It serves to recall the home of early days, the faces and haunts and cheerful gatherings of childhood; the friends and relatives who sat around the festive board in bygone times, whose memory is held in effectionate reverence now. 'Chanticleer' is not exactly what may be called a child's book, and yet it is intended to appeal to the hearts of the young; to teach a lesson which shall penetrate deeply, and make a lasting impressing; to enlist their sympathies in the cause of truth and justice, and to lead them, by identifying themselves with the personages of the story, to make a suitable application. The characters in this interesting little narrative are all evidently drawn from nature, and faithfully portray a class in **New-England** which has existed since its early settlement, and which we trust may be fairly represented for many long years to come." [Round Table. **209**

CHEZZLES, The. [by LUCY GIBBONS MORSE: *Houghton*, 1888.] "This is one of the freshest and in every way most delītful books for young people, or rather about young people,—for it will be read with equal delīt by persons of all ages,—which we have seen in a long time. It is in brief the history of a very agreeable family of **New-England** folk, some of them located for the time in France, the chief characters being certain children whose intelligence and vivacity give a bubbling charm to the volume from the first page to the last. As in the best works of this nature, 'The Chezzles' has a not too intricate yet definite story to tell. The character drawing is touched with really hī art." [American. **210**

CHILDREN OF OLD PARK'S TAVERN, The [by F. A. HUMPHREY: *Harper*, 1886.] "is a very pleasant story of the 'South Shore' of **Massachusetts** as it was in the stage-coach days, when Webster was a member of political conventions, and children with old-fashioned names played old-fashioned games and held their elders in due respect. Dolly and Ned will delīt the hearts of all rīt thinking young people. Their youthful adventures about the quaint old tavern and among the woods and marshes will interest young readers whose tastes have not been vitiated." [Nation. **211**

CHILD OF THE CENTURY, A [by J. T. WHEELWRIGHT: *Scribner*, 1887.] "This clever story is full of genuine humor, and not without several portentous

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morals. The child of the century is a Boston lawyer, who, at the age of 30, after a life of seclusion and hard work, resolves on an outing, and in the transatlantic passage finds his plans for the study of Dante seriously interfered with by the presence of a certain black-eyed dauter of a Cincinnati clothing dealer. Sewell falls in with various types of the traveling american, and they are all admirably depicted. When he comes back he 'runs for Congress' in a contest which many readers will regard as historical. Political life in **Washington,** as well as the social features of that city, are skillfully treated." [Boston "Lit. World." 212

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH, [by ANNIE ROBERTSON (MACFARLANE) LOGAN: *Holt*, 1886.] "is a very original and deeply interesting novel, full of plot, incident, spirited talk and character, and never too improbable for belief. It deals with that question—decidedly of the earth, earthy—which novelists would much better leave entirely alone unless they can treat it as well as it has been treated here: the old, old problem of confused love and duty, passion and law. . . . The extreme cleverness, and the innate nobleness of this conception, are hardly appreciated on the first reading, when the reader is absorbed in the interest of the book as a mere story; but the fineness of it, as a study of human nature, makes it really a striking study of the conflict between good and evil." [Critic. 213

COLONEL DUNWODDIE, MILLIONAIRE [by W: MUMFORD BAKER: *Harper*, 1878.] "is a story of **Southern** life since the war, and it is Southern in spirit to heart's core; but we cannot imagine anything better fitted to warm the best hearts among us towards that devoted region than this revelation of what is in the best of theirs. . . . We are introduced to a hero who presently becomes as real to us as Col. Newcome, and hardly less dear; a chivalrous, fiery, faulty, tender soul, the outlines of whose character are so finely and firmly drawn for us, at the very outset, that all his previous and all his subsequent career, every act, word, project, chimera, blunder, and triumf, become logical, natural, necessary." [Atlantic. 214

COLONEL'S OPERA CLOAK, The, [by CHRISTINE (CHAPLIN) BRUSH: *Roberts*, 1879.] "is simple and direct, using an odd garment in the possession of a hand-to-mouth Southern family as a leading thread, and setting out neither to instruct nor to astonish, but simply to amuse. It is also a character-sketch of shiftless Southern people in Northern cities. . . . Leslie St. John, the heroine, sets out to be nothing more than a sweet, affectionate little maid, and, in being that, satisfies the reader, as well as Tom Douglas." [Scribner's. 215

COLOR STUDIES [by T: ALLIBONE JANVIER: *Scribner*, 1885.] "Piquant, novel and ingenious, these little stories, with all their simplicity, have excited a wide interest. The best of them, 'Jaune d'Antimoine' is a little wonder in its dramatic effect, its ingenious construction, its happy combination of exquisite comedy with the intensity which touches the deepest springs of sympathy. The touch is at once so delicate and so funny, so intellectual, and so lâfable, that to read the story is to give one's self an hour of very keen enjoyment." [Critic.] "While each story is complete in itself there is an ingenious dovetailing of interest and character which makes it almost a continuous work. 'Rose' and her delitful old father, and 'Vandyke Brown,' whom she maries, and several others, appear throuǒut the series, taking, after their own adventures have been given in detail, an appropriately lower place to the fresh characters introduced. The lucky title expresses the idea exactly. The stories are all illustrative of american **artist life,** and we risk nothing in saying that the theme has never been touched with a surer, neater hand. The trials of young painters in their hard period of obtaining recognition, the easy-going life of the studios, the air of the picture galleries and the bohemian living rooms, are all litly yet pointedly indi-

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cated by Mr. Janvier, with that other insistence upon honest love, which makes the world go round for painters as for meaner folk. There is very pleasant humor; the dialog is so good that we wish there was more of it. In work of this kind everything should be sharp, quick, rīt on the spot. It is a delītful little book." [American.] "It is refreshing to be able to say a word of hearty, thankful praise about a volume containing 4 short stories by Mr. Janvier. Novelists and critics are continually bewailing the dearth of materials for romanee in America, most conspiciously in **New-York.** Mr. Janvier convinces us that the needful matter is all about us, and that only the eye to see, the heart to feel, and the tung to express have been lacking. His simple, kindly stories are fragments of the romance of Greenwich Village, of Fourth Street and crooked Tenth Street, and of all the region about Jefferson Market. His characters are chiefly toiling disciples of art, and in their delineation the ideal and real are very skilfully blended." [Nation.] "These 'Color Studies' are cleverly written, quaintly humorous, and unaffected in style. Notwithstanding their unpretentiousness they introduce us to real people of the sort whom it is a pleasure to know, and whose lives and surroundings are invested with a more than fleeting interest." [Boston "Lit. World." **216**

CONECUT CORNERS. [N.Y., *Mason*, 1855.] "A novel of **New-England** life, in which DR. LYMAN ABBOTT joined hands with his brothers B: V. and Austin." [Boston "Lit. World." **217**

CONVENTIONAL BOHEMIAN, A, [by EDMUND PENDLETON: *Appleton*, 1886.] "is a society novel, but the average society novel is many things which it is not... The only suggestion of the antique is in the leading lady, who is introduced at the advaneed age of 30... The old girl has long suffered the neglect or contempt of novelists. She is between the young-girl and the old-maid. She never had the ingenuousness of the one; she never can have the inflexibility of the other. The moral severity common to both is impossible to her. If she had maried young, she would still be 'young Mrs. So-and-So'. If she ever does mary, she is virtually the old girl still. So the old girl whom the conventional bohemian takes to illumine the domestic hearth remains the reckless, whimsical, unscrupulous Angèle Wentworth. He realized, too late, that perhaps the only situation in life where the old girl cannot rally her forces and shine is by the domestic hearth. There is no good in trying to depict the old girl as a lovable person in life, or a person who, in fiction, can attract the sympathies of rīt-minded persons. The author has not tried so to depict Angèle... Except in the glibness of their talk, none of the people are literary figures. They are real... But, on the whole, the novel is clever and entertaining. It is so singularly free from cant that it may be deemed immoral by the multitude who still confound freedom from cant and hypocrisy with immorality. The author's range of thôt and, perhaps, of sympathy has been limited by his horizon of observation; but, as far as the thôt and the sympathy go, they are clear and warm. In the balance of judgment, the courage of opinion, the passion and conviction of some chapters, lies the promise of work of wider scope and more catholic application." [Nation. **218**

COUNTER-CURRENTS [by SOPHIE WINTHROP WEITZEL: *Roberts*, 1889.] "is a brīt, piquant little book whose scene opens in **Southern California,** and the life of tourists and health-seekers in that favorite region of the fruit, the flower, and the vine is agreeably described. Along with these travel sketches is developed a lively love story, four young people are thrown together, whose fates their friends and families have already allotted. This admirable arrangement is upset by the spontaneous awakening in the mind of each of the four of a genuine passion. Change about is fair play, and Dorothy and Sidney find their destinies each in the other, and Fletcher and Elinor ultimately come together. But there is

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more in the well-told story than this. Both Fletcher and Elinor fail to find in their daily lives an outlet for their best energies, and an answer to their deepest problems. How Fletcher rejects the too-easy, over-pleasant existence which is urged upon him, and after suffering, aspiration, and struggle makes a career for himself in which he feels that he can do good, is well worth a perusal. In fact, 'Counter Currents' is a brave, honest, little book with ideas in it, and ŏt to find many readers." [American] "A pleasant story of contemporaneous life, in which simplicity of style, good taste, and an agreeable optimism render one for a while not very exacting of the author." [Atlantic. **219**

CRANSTON HOUSE. [by HANNAH ANDERSON ROPES: Boston, *Otis Clapp*, 1859.] "A touching story of suffering, struggle, and triumf over difficulties. Sallie and Peter, around whom the interest of the story gathers intensely as it proceeds, are two beautiful characters drawn with admirable skill. We are stronger and better for having known and loved 'Aunt Mary', even in idea. The book has the rare merit of being a novel whose interest is unflagging from the opening chapter to the close, and of illustrating at the same time the hīest spiritual truths, as shown in practical life. You may read it for recreation in a leisure hour, or for cheer and comfort in the path of duty, or of both together; and there are not many books of the class which will perform a more beneficent use." [Religious Magazine. **220**

CRAQUE-O'-DOOM. [by M.. (HARTWELL) CATHERWOOD: *Lippincott*, 1881.] "A capital story . . . quite uncommonplace, following the social fortunes of a young girl who is lifted out of the lowest conditions of birth and intelligence into a fine character and hī station, all throu the notice, the insīt, and the love of a rich and cultivated man, a cripple, who sees 'the angel in the marble.' The scene and characters are thoroly american, and the treatment fresh and original." [Boston "Lit. World." **221**

DAISY. [Continuation of "Melbourne House"; *Lippincott*, 1868.] "Daisy Randolph, like her predecessors, Ellen Montgomery, Elfleda Ringgan, and the rest of them, is a too good little girl, who makes a triumfal passage from infancy to maidenhood, discomfiting sinners, fascinating and confounding the ungodly with sīt of so much saintliness in so small a space, and not only only earning a title to the goods of the next world, but gaining a more than tolerably fair share of those distributed in this. Most people who read novels know what and how Miss Warner writes . . . With a sweet pathos she recounts her sorrow at finding her father not quite up to her standard of goodness, her trials and prayers over the multiplication table, the yearnings of her spirit over her 700 slaves, and the good effects on them of the prayer-meeting which she established in her kitchen, presiding herself at the mature age of 11 years, and, as she says, impressing them with the keenest sense of her immeasurable superiority." [Nation. **222**

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT [by M.. J.. (HAWES) HOLMES: *Derby*, 1850?] "It is hard to understand how Mrs. Holmes ever came to be ranked among those authors whose rīt to a place on the shelves of public libraries has been disputed. She has written somewhat of Southern life, but most of her scenes are in New-England. There is, however, very little local coloring to them, and the dramatic interest is slīt. In spite of her literary failings, there is a certain smoothness of narration and lītness of plot which have made her a very popular writer, particularly with girls and young women. The aggregate sale of all her books is stated to be about half a million, some reaching a sale of more than 50,000 each. Her own words furnish the truest commentary on what she has done or tried to do. She says: 'I try to avoid the sensational, and never deal in murders, or robberies, or ruined young girls; but rather in domestic life as I know it to exist. I mean always to write a good, pure, natural story, such as mothers are willing their dauters

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should read, and such as will do good instead of harm.' Among her best are 'Lena Rivers,' 'Meadow Brook,' 'Darkness and Daylight,' and 'Edith Lyle.' We notice that her name is on the tabooed list sent out by the American Library Association. [Boston "Lit. World." 223

DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA. [by "CHRISTIAN REID:" i. e., F.. E. (FISHER) TIERNAN: *Appleton*, 1874.] "The scene is laid in the **South.** The characters are for the most part Southerners—the young woman engaged to the young man, the chattering widow, the peaceful Mr. and Mrs. Middleton: not that there is anything specially Southern about them; they are like well-bred people the world over. The other characters are Captain Max Tyndale and Miss Norah Desmond; the last named is the dauter of Bohemia. We shall give no analysis of the story: it well deserves reading, not only for its plot, but also for the clever manner in which it is told, and, in great measure, for the excellent way in which the characters, and particularly the women, are drawn: Leslie Graham, with her amiable, affectionate, honest nature, is well described, and in excellent contrast is Norah—good, too, but in another way." [Atlantic.] "Like all "Christian Reid's" books, this is a strained, exaggerated picture of unreal life. Its personages are in a state of chronic nervous tension, loving or hating—usually hating—with a vehemence which must ultimately injure their fysical health . . . Miss Reid's personages are singularly devoid of originality and vivacity, and resemble well-dressed and decorous puppets, manipulated by a not too skilful hand." [Boston "Lit. World." 224

DEACON'S WEEK. The. [by ROSE (TERRY) COOKE: *Putnam*, 1884.] "This small, paper-covered volume, contains one of the best of Mrs. Cooke's stories, illustrated. All people who love the old ways in **New-England**, and who have ever "been to meetin" there—especially to "protracted meetin",—will appreciate Deacon Emmons' Christian fortitude in relating his week's experience, and Mrs. Cooke's fine sense of New-England humor in reporting the protracted "meeting". The characters are well drawn and racy. The illustrations, moreover, are quite as good in their way as the story." [Critic.] See, also, No. 142. 225

√ DEARLY BOUGHT [by CLARA L.. (ROOT) BURNHAM: *Sumner*, 1884.] "is a love story, of course, and there are 2 or 3 lines of love-making running throu it side by side; but they do not blur the effect, and the individualty of the characters and the separateness of their action are well preserved. The central interest is furnished by the relations between Lenore Fayette and her aunt Deborah Belden, with whom she has come to live in quiet Alderley, an elm-shaded town, 2 hours' ride or so from **Philadelphia**... Lenore has a hard time with Aunt Deborah, but a pleasant time in Alderley, where there is an agreeable set of people, including several persons who become favorites, and 1 or 2 curiosities. Among the latter is Hepsy Nash, who lived as 'help' at Elmdale from the time she was 14; and chief of the former is Dr. Lemist, who attends Lenore in more than a merely professional capacity, and gives her at last a prescription which she is glad to take. . . The writing is good. It is neither soft, stiff, affected, nor artificial. The dialog is lifelike and natural. There is an unconsciousness and simplicity about the style which are quite refreshing; a composure and reserve of power which belong to real ability." [Boston "Lit. World." 226

DEBUTANTE IN NEW-YORK SOCIETY, A. [by RACHAEL BUCHANAN: *Appleton*, 1888.] "Yet the heroine, altho she has a nice sense of the minor refinements of life, is neither frivolous nor altogether worldly. She has a keen perception of the real meaning of life,—cares for the what as well as the how, for realities as well as the shining varnish. Thus with these intimations of her possessing a really firm character, we are a little surprised at the worldly prudence she exhibits in throwing over the lover who half wins her heart because he is poor. She is, in fact,

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a very good type of the modern **New-York** girl, who distrusts traditions of love in a cottage, and likes to have a steam yacht and a cottage at Newport. What strikes us painfully in this rose-colored account of fashionable society, is that such well-bred people, in spite of their elegance and fastidiousness, are compelled to live on the perilous verge of vulgarity and to consort with vulgar people. From the necessity of making rich mariages there seems to be no way to avoid familiarity with people who murder the queen's english." [American.]—"There is no kind of fiction so silly or so profitless as this. Most of the kind are at once offensive and ridiculous, but the Débutante is only tiresome, crude and very 'fresh.'" [Nation. **227**

DEMOCRACY. [*Holt,* 1880.] "Its aim, which is not well represented by its title, is to depict the political society of **Washington,** the characteristics of the class which cabals and manœuvres for the possession of office and power. These characteristics are all embodied in the person of senator Ratcliffe, the other figures of the same class, including the newly-elected president, being either his tools or his victims, are much more faintly delineated. The heroine, Mrs. Lee, is a widow, rich, refined and intellectual, whose absorbed interest as a spectator brings her into close intercourse with Ratcliffe, and who is alternately fascinated and repelled by his bold, astute and unscrupulous course. Her own conduct, and the danger of her marying Ratcliffe and becoming an instrument of his ambition, arouses the solicitude of her sister and of a chivalrous friend, a Virginian of the old school, who cherishes a secret and hopeless love for her; and the combined efforts of the two to save her from Ratcliffe's designs form the undercurrent of the action and bring about the dénouement. Among the minor characters having little or nothing to do with the plot are a couple of forein envoys, lord Skye and baron Jacobi, whose comments serve as a kind of chorus, and Miss Virginia Dare, who typifies the pecularities of the american young lady as displayed in society. These are sufficiently good elements for a story distinctively and charactistically american, and they are handled with considerable skill. There is no lack of continuity in the action, no dullness in the description, no sign of languor, indecision, or want of clear perception in the management of the story or in the writing. The style is crisp and pointed, the conversations are generally entertaining, there are many vigorous sketches of characters and scenes, and many touches, if not of humor, of a piquancy that may pass for wit. . . . 'Democracy' is at once a more brilliant and a more realistic novel than "Through One Administration"; it was, in fact written with a more distinct purpose. The writer had a clear vision, and seized the most salient types of American political men and presented them with a swift smiting word. . . . 'Democracy' is, however, full of epigrammatic touches which suggest humor without being exactly humorous, and show an enjoyment of the subject itself, besides a racy appreciation of the author's cleverness in treating it. There is, too, a delicate literary aroma in 'Democracy' not to be found in an equal degree in 'The Bread Winners.' But the two books are not without many points in common, and the writer of each has the advantage of a clear perception of what he has to say and the wit to make others understand it as clearly." [Lippincott's.]—"It will be remembered that the point on which 'Democracy' turns is the discovery by the heroine that the Secretary and ex-Senator had accepted a bribe, and that she came to this knowledge throu the revelation of "Carrington," who was the confidant of "Mrs. Samuel Baker," to whom as his widow, the said "Baker," a notorious lobbyist, had left his papers, among which were some that told the story of the Senator's rascality. The latter is aware that this secret of his is known to "Carrington" and therefore interests himself in getting him out of the way, and succeeds in inducing a brother Secretary to send him to Mexico. Now for the coincidence, which can be verified by any

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one who will consult the Springfield *Republican* of April 13, 1880, page 4, the period referred to being that of the District of Columbia ring; "He (Huntington) died, and left in his wife's hands a lot of papers, among which were some which interested Mr. Blaine. These papers were passed by Mrs. Huntington to a young man named Frank Gassaway. Mr. Blaine became greatly ieterested in Mr. Gassaway's welfare, and sôt numerous important appointments successively for him. He finally obtained for him a Government position in California." [Corres. "Nation," 1884. **228**

DEVIL'S HAT, The [by MELVILLE PHILIPS: *Ticknor*, 1887] "is a story of the **Pennsylvania** oil regions, overflowing with local color; indeed the story—which is slīt enuf, but told with intelligence and good-breeding, and quite out of the ordinary line in plot—seems used chiefly as an excuse for descriptions of the oil-mining. The title does not indicate any Satanic legend in the story, the 'Devil's Hat' was only the name given to a hat-shaped hill, in which the hero of the story sunk his well." [Overland. **229**

DI CARY, [by M. JACQUELINE THORNTON: *Appleton*, 1879.] "We have here a delineation of the fortunes, or misfortunes, of Southern life at the close of the war, during the period of reconstruction. The scenes are natural and life-like, and the general effect is good. We have said Southern life; we mīt better have said Virginian, for it is the Old Dominion which mostly furnishes the material. The tone of the author is enthusiastically loyal to the genius of **Virginia,** but the spirit and temper of the work are excellent throuōut. Its literary merit is above the average." [Boston "Lit. World." **230**

DIVORCE [by MARGARET LEE: *Lovell*, 1883.] "is a study of certain fāses of contemporary american life which is Trollopean in its abject, literal fidelity. The 'milieu' she has chosen is intensely respectable. Her people are rich, but not too rich. They mingle in 'good' society and live on Fifth Avenue, tho none of them enter that **New-York** empyrean composed of 'the 400' best families. They are all christians—even the villain of the piece "is a member of our church, he is in a good business, he sings exquisitely." There is nowhere throuōut the volume any attempt made after brilliancy in conversation or what is called cleverness in narrative or description. The conversations, nevertheless, have, besides the very great merit of naturalness, that of continuously forwarding the progress of the story at the same time that they elucidate and bring out character. . . . Constance, while a most charming character, is yet not so rare a type. On a solid foundation of the virtues natural to the élite of her sex, purity, sincerity, lovingness, there has been reared a solid superstructure of the supernatural virtues. She maries a man whom she wholly admires, and loves intensely and unselfishly. He gives her in return the hīest feelings of which he is capable. Even in betraying her confidence, in squandering her fortune, in descending at the last to vulgar brutality and the long deceit involved in getting a 'Connecticut divorce' from her, he never loses his consciousness of her superiority nor his absolute trust in her undying love for him. What he does is simply to live out his own nature, as she does hers." [Catholic World. **231**

DR. HEIDENHOFF'S PROCESS. [by E: BELLAMY: *Appleton*, 1880.] "The story opens with a realistic sketch of a village prayer-meeting, at which a young man who was known as a penitent thief and a sincerely reformed sinner, but who had apparently never forgiven himself, rises at the last moment to relate a fāse of his experience. The confession of which this is the end makes the little congregation uncomfortable, but they pass out into the air, and among them go a young man named Henry Burr and a young woman, the village coquette, Madeline Brand. . . The village tragedy changes for a time the course of youthful life, but soon that is resumed in its customary form, and in the frolic of the summer Henry and Madeline are brôt to the verge of be-

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trothal. Just at this point, however, a disturbing element appears in the arrival from the city of a young clerk, who brings a supposed hier degree of civility, and the coquette begins her arts upon him. Henry is driven to despair, and leaves the village for the city, where he tries to take up a fresh life. He is drawn back by his sincere love only to find that the clerk has achieved a base victory over the coquette, has deserted her, and that she has fled to the city in her shame. He returns at once and after a long search finds her, and then begins his heroic effort to reinstate her. He gives her his love still, but she in her dullness has nothing but a miserable gratitude to offer him. She allows him to remain her friend, and she has no love left for her betrayer. His calm persistence makes Henry a pure and unattainable saint in her eyes, and at length her indifference and her dull languor give place to a sense of her own unworthiness, and because she loves him she resolves to destroy herself. . . So skillfully has the author managed the dream, suppressing the grotesqueness in the conception of Dr. Heidenhoff, that, in spite of the somewhat uncanny nature of the subject, one has only to be thōroly interested in Madeline to go along with the story in simple credulity. Scarcely, however, has his mind become adjusted to the situation, before it is again rudely pained by the brief conclusion. A letter is at this moment brôt to Henry. It is Madeline's real good-by, before, like George Bayley, she seeks to plunge into the river of Lethe. The painfulness of the story is genuine. There remains in the reader's mind a tenderness for the girl, a profound sadness. The figure of Madeline throuǒut the narrative is admirably sketched, and the change in her life is firmly and not sentimentally presented. Praise belongs also to the truthfulness of the picture which Mr. Bellamy draws of commonplace village life. There is no caricature and no sentimentalizing, but the rude love-making and limited intellectual life are given with a true touch. It often happens that a citizen writing from recollection or observation of country life almost unconsciously offers some comparison between the two modes: there is nothing of that here. Mr. Bellamy writes like one of the villagers, yet with an intellectual power of selection which one only so bred would not have. We do not observe a false note in the realism of the story, and there is an abundance of felicitous touches." [Atlantic. **232**

DOCTOR JOHNS [by DONALD GRANT MITCHELL: *Scribner*, 1866.] "The period dates from the war of 1812 and reaches to 20 years ago. Mr. Mitchell draws upon memory, not imagination, for his materials. He has attempted to give the story of 'certain events in the life of an Orthodox minister of **Connecticut.**' It is not exactly a narrative of parish life, nor of public service; but starting from the humble parsonage in Ashfield, where Dr. Johns is the central figure, he weaves into the story from time to time such elements as set forth that home in all its features, and at the same time throws upon it enuf of the outside world to give a good background for his portraits. There are the Puritan minister in his austere theology; the Puritan spinster in her worldly primness; the goodnatured sinner called the Squire; the sharp, shrewd deacons; the aristocratic families; the headquarters of Satan at the village tavern; the factotum of a country doctor; the sharp-visaged, dyspeptic clerical brethren of nêboring towns; the varying beauty and pleasant quiet of a New-England home. The author paints all this so that it stands before you in his pages. Then he introduces forein elements to contrast with the Puritan education. The unfortunate child of a college friend is taken to the parsonage to be brôt-up. This Adèle becomes the heroine of the book; she is one of those hasty, sensitive girls who can be found only in France, and her brīt, quick, passionate life shows in all its hideous deformity the narrowness and imperfection of the Puritan kind of Christian nurture. There is also a glimpse of city scenes There are the

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delicate touches of life abroad... It is first the quiet village; then the breath of the world; then, the old village again where all are going to live and die. It is only a Connecticut village, not different 'for better for worse' from a hundred others; but in it there is life enuf to make a passionate story of 600 pages without even then using one half its materials. As for its characters, the great figure of Dr. Johns is foremost and central. He imposes the iron grasp of Puritanism upon every one; but he has a good heart nevertheless, and in spite of his religion there is a great soul of goodness in him, and men and women love him; and the little Adèle finds her way to his heart and she becomes to him as a dauter. Mr. Mitchell paints all these Congregational ministers with full allowance for the influence of what now seems a most arbitrary, severe, and soulless religious system. They were all men of whom more mīt have been made, men who, thinking only of duty, made life a gloomy warfare with the Devil." [Church Monthly. **233**

DOCTOR SEVIER. [by G. W. CABLE: *Osgood*, 1884.] "The story of the book may be true, and so far reasonable—we make no point of that—but in its almost unrelieved pain it is disagreeably true, if true at all... It is depressing from first to last. It has no plot, and it is solely concerned with telling the pitiful story of 2 earnest young souls,—a husband and wife—who, by no amount or exercise of virtue, of labor and of self-denial, can get so much as standing place in this prosperous land, or not until the unequal struggle has resulted in a success as hard as defeat... The sketches of scenery, street life and manners in **New-Orleans** are wonderfully vivid. The time is the 5 years or so "befoh de wah"; and the period of the great struggle, and the feeling of that epoch is deftly indicated... But we fear Mr. Cable's love of dialect is forcing him to unpleasant extremes. There are irish, germans and italians in this book, who talk varieties of brogue." [American. **234**

DOCTOR WILMER'S LOVE [by MARGARET LEE: *Appleton*, 1868.] "is a story which cannot fail to be attractive to the general reader. It contains enuf action to prevent weariness, a plot which is never intricate nor involved, and a range of characters of which each one possesses a distinct and individual interest. It is a simple but well-sustained narrative of the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and disappointments, the struggles and temptations, of which our present society furnishes daily examples... Altho the doctor is, of course, the principal personage in the book, he fairly divides the interest with the pure and gentle girl whose history commands our warmest sympathies. The main incidents of the story are such as mīt readily come within the experience of a fysician, and the family may be congratulated whose members, from choice or accident, are enabled to rely for mental and bodily aid upon so conscientious and sympathetic a friend as Dr. Wilmer." [Round Table. **235**

DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER (The) [by "SOPHIE MAY," i. e. Rebecca Sophia Clarke: *Lee & Shepard*, 1872.] "is a little story of **New-England** country people. It does not call for rapturous applause, but it is certainly innocently and good-naturedly written." [Nation. **236**

DRONES' HONEY. [by "SOPHIE MAY," i.e., R. S. Clarke: *Lee & Shepard*, 1887.] "The title of this pleasant little story is taken from a passage in Plato: 'When a young man has tasted drones' honey . . . then he returns into the country of the lotus-eaters.' But altho there is an idle and luxurious fellow, he is even at his climax of epicureanism a worthy and exemplary hero. He spends his summer in a quiet New-England village and plays not only an ornamental but a useful part at picnics and other social gatherings. So far from eating 'drones' honey,' he is a fair sample of a working bee so far as all polite obligations are concerned. There are few startling incidents in the book; but a vast amount of talking is done." [American.]—"It limps a little in plot perhaps; but it is good enuf to leave the

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reader touched and made thôtful as he lays it down, and for some time afterward. Two sweet and noble young women—the one beloved, the other not; the friendship existing between such women: these are the main figures, and the main topic; for the young man whom love leads him to abjure 'drones' honey' and become a worker in the world, is rather a figure-head, tho an appropriate and effective one. Narransane, the **Maine** village, is delitfully sketched." [Overland. **237**

EBB-TIDE. [by "CHRISTIAN REID," i. e., F.. E. (Fisher) Tiernan: *Appleton*, 1872.] "In spite of a little flash of horror in one of the shorter tales, Miss Reid deals with nothing more deadly than the flash of beauteous eyes. Her novel is decidedly a 'novel of society,' and is very readable as such novels go. She has certainly the merit of making her men and women talk like people of good breeding, altho it must be said that they all lack the cool composure which is supposed to belong exclusively to the worldling; but then it is only beneath the mīty impulse of the tender passion that they ever speak at all. The longer story from which the volume takes its name is, perhaps, the best; but there is no one of the shorter tales which is without merit. If this author would look to something hīer than the flirtations on hotel verandas, there would seem to be no reason why she should not write something better, something of more real interest. She has the merit of avoiding many of the errors which are made by the majority of novelists upon such themes, and, apparently, she is capable of seeing and describing much more genuine passion than the rather trivial manifestations of it which form the only subjects of this volume. At any rate one is justified in hoping for something better, for this is good of its kind." [Nation. **238**

EDITH LYLE, see DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

EIGHT COUSINS. [by LOUISA M. ALCOTT: *Roberts*, 1875.] "There are the same vigor, discrimination, character-portraiture, and racy dialog which characterize all her writings. It is no mean artist who can skillfully group a score or more of prominent figures, and still bring his hero or heroine into bold relief, at the same time preserving the distinct individuality of every leading character. This Miss Alcott achieves with rare genius and ability. She marshals her battalion of uncles, aunts, cousins, nefews, and nieces with the dexterity of a general, and every one of them steps forth with military precision at the word of command. It would be impossible to mistake the beautiful and meek Aunt Peace, with hair as white as snow and cheeks which never bloomed, but ever cheerful, busy, and full of interest in all that went on in the family, especially the joys and sorrows of the young girls growing up about her, to whom she was adviser, confidante, and friend in all their tender trials and delīts. Equally impossible would it be to fail to discern instantly the striking individuality of Aunt Plenty—the stout, brisk old lady, with a sharp eye, a lively tung, and a face like a winter-apple, always trotting, chatting, and bustling amid a great commotion of stiff loops of purple ribbon that bristled all over her cap, like crocus-buds." [Overland] see sequel "ROSE IN BLOOM." **239**

ELLEN STORY [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *E. J. Hale*, 1876.] "is a pure love tale. We do not remember a novel in which the attention is more exclusively occupied with the hero and heroine, and with the circumstances attendant upon the development of their love... The scene is entirely at a great watering place, **Newport** being plainly the one which the author had in mind. The hero, a young man of fine appearance, great wealth, and well connected, is of course furiously the fashion. [The heroine is] the poor cousin of some newly rich and ultra fashionable people, who are passing the summer at the great hotel, to which they have brôt Miss Story almost in charity, she being convalescent from a severe illness. The choice proves to be not a very severe test of Mr. Howard's power of conferring dis-

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tinction; for she is really the handsomest woman, both in face and figure, at the hotel, and a very hi-spirited, inteliigent girl withal. . . Mr. Howard and Miss Story fall in love with each other, and she does become the belle of the summer. The incidents of their wooing are quite original; but they are nevertheless not at all forced, and they are managed very skilfully." [Galaxy. **240**

EMILY CHESTER [by A.. MONCURE (CRANE) SEEMÜLLER: *Ticknor*, 1864.] "is more than an ordinary novel. Its excellences and faults are peculiar, and show the writer to be a person of unquestionable genius and insit. The interest of the story grows out of the singular psychological relations of the principal characters. There is no relief of by-play; no lesser personages move across the stage and interrupt the painful progress of the drama; no gay flash of wit, no repartie, lits the sombre picture; there is not even the form of a plot; nothing happens unexpectedly, in fact nothing happens at all, yet the story is one of absorbing interest. The only important event is the mariage of the heroine; and the desolation and despair which follow are inevitable,—inevitable, because they do not result from outward circumstances, but from the conflict of natures inherently inharmonious. Emily Chester is a girl of vigorous intellect, great clearness of perception, and delicate but healthy nervous organization. Like all heroines, she is beautiful,—of a grand and lofty beauty, according with her character. It is her misfortune to become, in early life, an object of passionate devotion to a man with whom she has great intellectual sympathy, but from whom she experiences an absolute fysical repulsion. At a time of great weakness and prostration she maries him, but with renewed fysical strength this feeling of repulsion returns with added force, and continues until her death. Frederick Hastings, the only other character of importance, is a friend of Emily's early and happy years, and an entire contrast to her husband. Graceful, accomplished and amiable, a perfect gentleman in spirit and life, he is entirely agreeable to her, and her nature gladdens in his presence like a flower in the sunshine. Crampton, the husband, meets her intellectual needs; Frederick Hastings fulfils the cravings of her heart. . . Emily's aversion to her husband never becomes hatred, and never prevents a grateful, admiring regard for him. His stormy passions and iron will never tempt him to take revenge for his disappointment in any unworthy act. His love and tenderness for his wife strengthen and briten to the end. And Hastings, whose affection for Emily exceeds in devotion and warmth what most men call love, is, after her mariage, always the friend, never the lover." [Christian Examiner. **241**

ENDURA [by B. P. MOORE: *San Francisco*, 1885.] "is a story of 3 generations of a New-England family, who beginning in the first as poor and rugged pioneers, prospered, and in the third found themselves heirs to an enormous forein estate. The story is very naive and sincere, and (1 or 2 points excepted) excites rather friendly feeling in the critic by its spirit. It rambles on with little reference to its plot, and an evident determination to put in about all the author remembers of **New-England,** whether it comes into the story or not. The New-England that appears in it is evidently drawn from boyhood memories; but the mere fact that the village remembered is a Baptist and Methodist village, shows that it is not to be deemed a typical one. A great deal of stress is laid upon the decay of the New-England village, which is credited largely to bigotry; but in view of the way in which many towns in the middle West thrive upon this same bigotry, it is not worth while to join issue upon the point." [Overland. **242**

FAIR PHILOSOPHER. (A) [by "HENRI DAUGÉ:" i. e., MRS. HAMMOND: *Harlan*, 1882.] "We find this a pleasing book, and one which recommends itself for truth and good taste. The filosofizing, the familiarity with serious au-

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thors, and the like, turns out to be no pedantry, but simply the unaffected habit of thôt and speech of that society which is in a true sense the best. As a story it is nothing: it is gracefully constructed, and the narrative does not lag; still it makes no point of what is technically known as 'narrative interest,' nor has it any special originality. What we value it for is the picture, at once charming and true to nature, of the sisters Drosée and Jo,—of the tone of thôt and feeling and the attitude toward the world in which they lived. We do not remember ever to have read a novel which kept its scene entirely inside one of those little groups of american life which lie—and are glad to lie—entirely outside the world of fashion; the groups where books are read and written, where the words of filosofical discussion are commonplaces of chat, and all without any sense of importance or effort to stand on intellectual tip-toes. The charm of this intellectual life, its freedom from conventionalities, its character of sweetness and purity, its unanxious earnestness, its liability to unnecessary, painful contact with a society of different standards:—these are all well brôt out. . . Not the least of the virtues of 'A Fair Philosopher' is this hi conception of love,—a relief, indeed, to the reader after the monotony of caprice and passion which make up love in most novels. It cannot be said that there are not in this novel slips of taste; but these lapses do not seriously mar the gentle, lït seriousness of the whole picture." [Californian. **243**

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD [by ADELINE DUTTON (TRAIN) WHITNEY: *Loring*, 1863.] "is a quiet, simple story, noticeable for purity of tone and delicacy of feeling rather than for vigor. The style is admirable. If not a great book, it is something better—a good one." [Harper's.]—"I should not dare to tell how many times my copy has been read. The secret of its interest is that a girl's nature is here pictured so truthfully and sympathetically that every girl just leaving childhood behind her finds here some image of herself, and something, too, which thrills and awakens her whole inner life. The story is full of sentiment. It is gushing, and tender, and innocent, and probably all true in any young girl. It is a book which every such person should read. It will stir and direct her sleeping energies. Glory McWhirk is a beautiful creation. The story is chiefly a series of pictures of character; it is not artistically or very carefully written; but the author is a woman of genius, and she has a true sympathy with the life she describes. . . . The author has constructed a clever plot, and developed it throu a very interesting succession of scenes, with natural characters; tho most of the Faith Gartneys whom we have heard speak of it seem to think the heroine is maried to the wrông man after all. And, we must confess, the hearty lay lover appears to us to have decided advantages over the slïtly lackadaisical young clergyman." [Church Monthly. **244**

FAMOUS VICTORY (A) [*Jansen, McClurg & Co.*, 1880.] tho it has "a love story running throu it, is really a satire upon american politics, and as such has made us lâf here and there . . . Much of the story's action goes on in a **Connecticut** village, where the president has his mills, where several suitors make love to his pretty dauters, and where a labor-reform agitation ends in a riot and destruction of the great capitalist's property. There is profanity in the book, of course, and a good deal of loud and slangy talk—for does not such belong to the subject? But it is written with much truth to nature, and its sharp hits at certain weaknesses of the national character are effective in no small degree. It is vigorous if not powerful, and racy if not always refined." [Boston "Literary World." **245**

FATHER BRIGHTHOPES. [by "PAUL CREYTON," i. e., J: TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE: [*Phillips, Sampson & Co.*, 1853.] "Paul Creyton tells a capital story; draws his characters with a firm hand; has a deal of lurking fun in his composition: and never fails to inculcate a good moral

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lesson." [Church Review. 246

FIGS AND THISTLES. [by ALBION WINEGAR TOURGÉE: *Fords*, 1879.] "Readers who have enjoyed E: Eggleston's excursions into the land of Roxys and Hoosier Schoolmasters will like Judge Tourgée's 'Figs and Thistles', which is a story of life in the Western Reserve [**Ohio**], told with quite as much careful attention to realistic detail and faithful reflection of ruf and rollicking character as works of this class are usually to be credited with, and with rather more literary ability. And we must confess that it has often made us lâf, in spite of our tastes and principles, which are steadily set against slang and profaneness and coarse dialect, however true such touches may be. Such books have a function in preserving local traits which are fast disappearing with the changing landscape; and they are choice food, we very well know, for certain palates: tho for our part we prefer fiction of a different quality." [Boston "Literary World."]—"The story is of the temptation of a conscientious hero who, from obscure beginnings, has pushed himself throu college, into business success, and into Congress; this is made particularly trying, but his wife, who does excellent duty as a 'dea ex machinâ', steps in and rescues her husband in a melodramatic scene. The details are unimportant, and the actual historical properties are used exclusively as properties and have no political interest. The merit of the book consists in its showing of the conjunction of self-reliance and humorous tolerance in american character, the origin and peculiarities of which form the puzzle that so many forein travelers set themselves to solve." [Nation. 247

FOOLISH VIRGIN (A) [by ELLA WEED: *Harper*, 1883.] "is a young lady just out of college, 'with a liberal education on her hands', and ready to devote herself to 'frills', as her school girl vocabulary designates polite accomplishments. She takes to china-painting, since 'in Cincinnati one must do something'. The story is only what the author herself would call a 'skit'; and as to plot, nothing but a petty vivacity makes it worth a half-hour's reading. The **Cincinnati** setting is a novelty. It is drolly given, with a good deal of 'vraisemblance'—a sort of mean proportional between ancient Boston and the true West, wherever that may be. There is seldom found in the class to which the book belongs a better bit of delicate satire than the account of the Boston lady's art-lecture and the audience thereat." [Nation. 248

FOOLS OF NATURE. [by ALICE BROWN: *Ticknor*, 1887.] "The intrinsic evidence of this clever story is that the author has had limited opportunities for observation. Sarah Ellis is the ideal, and far from a low one, of the New-England woman novelist: she is a creature prone to distort into caricature the divine faces of duty, and love and truth. The young man who maries Sarah is another ideal, far too elegant a person ever to make a boarding house his habitat. The **New-England** village people, on the other hand, are realistic studies, well characterized and amusing, while the sketch of Linora, tho verging on burlesque, hits hard at a feminine propensity for providing one's self with a romantic background." [Nation. 249

FOR A WOMAN. [by NORA PERRY: *Ticknor*, 1885.] "From Mr. Hawthorne's pretensious undertakings and weak completions, we turn with real relief to Nora Perry's modest and charming little story. It is among novels what her verses are among poetry. It is fresh, healthful, and refined, has plenty of feeling, yet nothing dramatic, and is, we think, correct and wise in its reading of life and love. Its very completeness within its degree excludes much comment. It is not one of the books which everyone should read; but it is one which a great many people should." [Overland. 250

FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS. [by "SUSAN COOLIDGE," i. e., S. CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY: *Roberts*, 1876.] "A charming collection of stories about New-England people and things, in time of peace and war,—parted from each other by

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lovely bits of verse. 'Martin' in the hospital brings freshly back the terrible earnest of those days so far away, yet so near to all of us who have lived throu them; the 'Camp-Meeting Idyl' is very racy; 'Under the Sea' is full of the color of **Mt. Desert.** The dainty little volume is a very charming companion for these days when 'summer faints in the sky.'" [Unitarian Review. 251

FOR THE MAJOR. [by C. F. WOOLSON: *Harper*, 1883.] "It is a very clever, a very dramatic, and a very interesting book. It is woven in one piece, firmly, evenly, beautifully; there are no seams or thin places, (save one defect in the beginning) of its construction... There are beautiful touches in the book. Very daintily is the society of 'Far Edgerly' sketched in; we can almost see Miss Dalley, who was so devoted to Tasso; and we smile whenever we think of poor Miss Corinna. It ends beautifully, sweetly,—we had almost said softly. We feel as one sometimes does on leaving the theatre. The curtain is down, the stage is empty, the lits are out, and we pick up the burden of life again; but for a little while the music of the last act rings in our ears, and our thôts are with the people we have watched so closely. We hate to leave 'Far Edgerly', and the Major, and those two women and little Star. If the mission of a novel be to interest and entertain, to give us new and delitful friends, and to be a pleasant spot to think of and to go back to, then it is the greatest success we have had for many a day." [American] see No. 35. 252

FOUR OAKS. [by "Kamba Thorpe," i. e., E. WHITFIELD (CROOM) BELLAMY: *Carleton*, 1867.] "This is a story of everyday life in which all the incidents are probable, and, what is yet more rare, the characters are all perfectly natural. A number of men and women, differing in age tho not in station, are brôt together on terms of pleasant acquaintance, and there is a more liberal allowance than usual of intelligent men and brainless nonentities, of sensible women and those torments of modern society, women of an uncertain age on the look-out for husbands; and altho there are no villains, there are mischief-makers enuf to occasion unpleasant complications, which, together with mysterious miniatures and family secrets, combine to sustain an interest which the events of the story would not otherwise suffice to keep alive. The scene opens in the pleasant town of Netherford, where, after a severe round of introductions to the forefathers and relatives of the heroine, we are presented to a charming, good-hearted, and beautiful girl,—a little spoiled, rather self-willed, and somewhat too self-reliant, but so true and honest, so free from all the vices which attach to the fashionable and fast young lady, that we are grateful to the author who awakens our interest for a woman equally endowed with vitality, modesty, and common-sense. There is an absence of all romance about a life passed among such restless and ill-assorted people as form the society of Netherford, but the author has refrained from giving us any exaggerated or extravagant scenes; he is throuout consistent and natural, and his imagination has evidently been greatly assisted by personal observation." [Round Table. 253

FRIENDS [by E. S. (PHELPS) WARD: *Houghton*, 1881.] "is simply the story of a beautiful, tender, true-hearted young woman, who loses a husband whom she loves with her whole nature, and who after a long widowhood, maries his most intimate friend, a life-long acquaintance of her own too... The interest of the book is in the way the end is reached. It is a study of 'the patient renewals of life, the slow gathering of wasted forces, the gradual restoration of landmarks and symptoms of content, the gravely rebuilt fire-sides, by which forever ears must listen for the footsteps of the flood'. These are traced with much delicacy in the woman's case, and the growth and development of love with much truth to nature in the man's. From the moment when he thinks that to be the comfort of a dead friend's

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widow is the most thankless position in the world and wishes, 'honestly enuf, that John were there to do his own consoling,' until the last sentence,—'It was heaven on earth to him at least. If to her it was earth after heaven, what cared he,"—the sequence of emotions and events is perfectly logical. There is no plot or action, there are instead successive fāses of feeling as various and infallible as the fenomena of stars or tides." [Atlantic. 254

FROM MADGE TO MARGARET [by "CARROLL WINCHESTER," i. e., Caroline G. (Cary) Curtis: *Lee*, 1880.] "is a history of development of character. Madge is a girl 'born and bred in a farmhouse' who maries young, and goes to a life wholly new to her and full of temptations. The struggle is how to bring a volatile but brīt and lovable wife to sympathize with her husband and be truly his helpmeet. The tone is excellent, the pictures of home life, the parental and sisterly feeling, are beautiful; and it is altogether a sweet and wholesome book." [Boston "Literary World." 255

FROM HAND TO MOUTH [by AMANDA MINNIE DOUGLAS: *Lee*, 1877.] "is a thōroly good, true, pure, sweet and touching story. It covers precisely those fāses of domestic life which are of the most common experience, and will take many of its readers just where they have been themselves. The style is admirable for its nervous compactness, naturalness, is nowhere sacrificed for effect, and the whole current runs with the spontaneity and freshness of a mountain brook. There is trouble in it, and sorrow, and pain and parting, but the sunset glorifies the clouds of the varied day, and the peace which passes understanding pervades all. For young women whose lives are just opening into wifehood and maternity, we have read nothing better for many a day." [Boston "Literary World." 256

GALLANT FIGHT, A [by "MARION HARLAND," i. e., M.. Virginia (Hawes) Terhune: *Dodd*, 1888.] "is a most lady-like production, and may be recomended as certain not to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the most innocent. And yet the 'gallant fīt' intended by the title we take to be the long struggle kept up by Mrs. Richard Phelps not to 'let on' to him, or to anybody, that she knows her husband has once been on the verge of unfaithfulness to her.... Mrs. Terhune has told her story in an interesting way. But there is, as usual in her work, a cook-book sort of flavor in it, an atmosfere of tatting and tatling, and crochet work, and æsthetic chromos, and general primness, prosperity and prettiness, which makes 'ladylike' at once the most comprehensive and descriptive of adjectives for it." [Catholic World. 257

GAYWORTHYS (The) A Story of Threads and Thrums. [by A. D. (T.) WHITNEY: *Loring,—Low*, 1865.] "is a story with pleasant delineations of american rural life in the village of Hillbury, and of the more pretentious society of the seaport town of Selport. There is a pleasant, racy flavor in the tale, but the style would be better if it were quieter; it is too staccato, and disturbs the reader.... The episode of Gabriel Hartshorne, the unspoken 'kindness' between him and Joanna Gayworthy, is excellent, and written with quiet power, which fills the heart of the reader with reverence for the simple heroism of the young man who could put aside all his hopes to do a son's duty by his poor old crazed father. The disappointment of the two sisters, neither of them knowing how the clouding of their life had come to pass, is touching. The character of the sailor is the picture of a real hero; indeed, the whole story gives a glimpse of the lives of self-renunciation which we may thank God are not rare in the world. In the end, some of the thrums and threads are woven into a comfortable result: but only after much tribulation... 'The Gayworthy's is not a lively novel; but it is a book which no one can read without feeling the better for it, for it appeals to the best sympathies and instincts of human nature." [Athenæum. 258

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE (A) [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *Houghton*, 1881.]

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is an "admirable social satire. 'A Hopeless Case' prepared us to think well of his work in this direction, but here he is perhaps more happy than in the former book. Clinton Wainwright, an american by birth but a european by education, is called by business from London to New-York, and is there introduced into 'society.' Expecting to find a democracy, he finds an aristocracy, founded upon birth, lineage, and other considerations, which he supposed were entirely disregarded in the politics and social life of America. This is the key-note of the book, and it enables Mr. Fawcett to do some clever writing in a line in which he is particularly clever. The story is not without a well arranged plot, but the chief charm is the admirable vein of satire which runs throu it." [Californian. **259**

GLEN LUNA. [by "AMY LOTHROP," i. e., Anna B. Warner: N.-Y., and London, 1852.] "This lengthy, but well-meant and well-executed story may pair off with 'Queechy'. Like that novel, it is devoted to the downward progress of gentility towards poverty:—an argument, by the way, of strange frequency in the domestic fiction of America. In 'Glen Luna' too, as in 'Queechy,' poverty is deprived of its sting, and sacrifice of its difficulty, by the angelic nature of some among the suffering and struggling parties. If there be not more of Arcady than of America in the sweet-tempered, cheerful and graceful heroines portrayed in these tales, the New World has great occasion to be proud of its dauters. If their 'favor and prettiness' be somewhat flattered, the moral of books like 'Glen Luna' is not much the worse for the flattery. Meanwhile, they are agreeable to read; and this last of the flock not the least agreeable." [Athenæum. **260**

GRANDISON MATHER. [by H: HARLAND: *Cassell*, 1889.] "But nothing can be more attractive than such a study of newly maried life as the author makes in 'Grandison Mather'. The scene is in New-York, and the history is that of a young literary man who maries a lovely girl, loses his fortune throu the rascality of his agent and retrieves himself throu *his* powers and the inspiration of *her* faith and affection. Their adversity will have thrills and pangs enuf for the reader, who will make acquaintance throu them with the facts of a *LITERARY* struggle as they are; there are times for holding the breath, times of poignant defeat and disappointment, when one must look at the last page to reassure oneself. Mr. Harland is a born story-teller; he attracts you from the first word, and goes on to the end with a cumulative interest." [Howells. **261**

GRANDISSIMES, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

GUARDIANS (The) [by HARRIET W. PRESTON and L.. DODGE: *Houghton*, 1888.] "is a rather remarkable novel; the studies of character are elaborate and varied, the incidents are admirably arranged, the style is graceful and sparkling. Some of the events in the story, such as a clandestine mariage, a midnit conflagration and a fatal ride, partake of the sensational, but they are not treated at all in a sensational way. 'The Guardians' is a novel far above the average." [Boston "Lit. World."] "In a certain balance between strength and grace, between feeling and rationality, between intensity and moderation, the book not only bespeaks its *double authorship*, but proclaims an authorship of opposite sexes, if we surmise correctly." [Critic.]—"The interest is not dependent on plot, but on the careful character study, and the remarkably crisp and natural conversations. The scene where the boy lover proposes a secret mariage to the younger sister, to save himself from being forced to mary the elder sister in accordance with the plans of the masterful Mrs. Rothery, is exquisitely droll. The action also of the same two when a real passion makes the girl regret the childish and clandestine vows is well and spiritedly drawn. A love affair of a very different sort is that of the elder sister and her gardian. The book is not a great one, and probably was not written in expectation that it would be; it lacks the force, scope, and depth, requisite to a great book:

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but it certainly is a very pleasant book, one that holds its readers unwearied, and even stands the test of a second reading. It bears no internal evidence of the *dual authorship*, and the style is uniformly brīt, clear, and intelligent." [Overland. **262**

HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES, (A) [by W: D. HOWELLS: *Harper*, 1890.] "Looking on New-York from an outsider's point of vue, he has wisely chosen his characters from the heterogeneous body of new residents. This method gives him striking contrasts of character. . . . Head and shoulders above them all is Fulkerson —the syndicate-man turned magazine manager. He is a delīt from the first page to the last, tho one can imagine him very trying to a sensitive and proper man in life. He is the flower of Western audacity, shrewdness and optimism transplanted to New-York. Daring schemes are his inspiration. There is just the touch of charlatanism about him which, in the rīt environment, would make him a showman. But you are not offended, because he has a fine, genial way of taking you into his confidence and showing you the beauties of the joke.—In the Dryfoos family there is an echo of the Laphams, tho the characters are sufficiently different to overthrow any charge of repetition. The elder Dryfoos is a genuine study of the traits of a Pennsylvania german in unusual surroundings.—But the subtilest bit of work in the book is Beaton,—selfish and mean, weak-willed, narrow-minded, and hard-hearted; and aimless with all his talent! He represents a not uncommon fāse of the artistic temperament which many fascinating good fellows exhibit in varying degrees." [Life.]—"Indeed, the author is so much impressed with the mīty flow of human life in the world of New York that he is scarcely conscious, as so genuine a humorist would be, of the whimsical nature of the enterprise which forms the apparent cause of the story. (Basil March moves to New-York for the purpose of taking charge of a literary journal, which is to be conducted upon a rather vaguely described plan of co-operation.) . . . He is much more successful in his conveyance of Lindau's german-silver english, and it is when we come to Lindau himself, and to Dryfoos, with his untamed dauters, his pathetically conceived wife, and his martyr son, that we find ourselves in the heart of the story and in the secret of Mr. Howells' great gain as a novelist. We cannot say that these figures are handled more deftly than others which he has fashioned, but they mean more. They ally themselves distinctly with greater problems, with deeper insīt of life, and our confidence in Mr. Howells is increased because of the wise reserve which he has used. They are not instruments in his hand for breaking the false gods of the Philistines; they are men and women into whom he has breathed the breath of life; but that breath comes from a profounder inspiration than he was wont to draw." [Atlantic. **263**

HEART STORIES [by T. BARTLETT: *Putnam*, 1889.] "The author's literary record was a brief one, but reading these exquisitely tender and pathetic little stories, one cannot help a feeling of deep regret that a life which promised so much should have been cut off at 26." [Boston "Literary World." **264**

HELEN TROY [by C. (C.) HARRISON: *Harper*, 1881.] "is an advance upon 'Golden Rod.' The author has more material and handles it better. The scenes of the little drama are prettily set, whether in the New-York drawing-room or on the hillside at **Lenox.** The heroine we all know—gay, too careless perhaps, but true at heart, and strong and steady when trial comes." [Nation. **265**

HEPHZIBAH GUINNESS [by SILAS WEIR MITCHELL: *Lippincott*, 1880.] "gives the title to a volume of 3 well-told stories. The scenes of the first two are laid in **Philadelphia,** and they deal with the straitest sect of the Quakers. The devices which these find allowable in their relations with the people of the world, and their jealous watchfulness lest one of their number should slip from the fold, form a good background to 2 pleasant little love-stories, which are, however, in so low a

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key that the tragic element of the second seems a little incongruous. The third story, 'A Draft on the Bank of Spain' is more ordinary." [Nation. **266**

HERMAN. [by "E. FOXTON," i. e., S.. HAMMOND PALFREY: *Lee*, 1866.] "The true power and pathos of the book rise ever hī and hīer, and all minor defects are flooded out of sīt. It is no small happiness that we have to do from the beginning with a family hitherto wellnī unknown in American noveldom,—a family rich and not vulgar, beautiful and not frivolous, hīly educated and fastidious, yet neither bitter nor disdainful,—refined, honorable, serene, affectionate. We are not merely told that they are so. We mingle with them, we *see* it, and are refreshed and revived thereby. It is pleasant to miss for once the worldly mother, the empty dauter, the glare and glitter of shoddy, the low rivalry, the degrading strife, which can hardly be held up even to our reprobation without debasing us. Whether or not the best mode of inculcating virtue is that which gives us an example to imitate rather than a vice to shun, we are sure it is the most agreeable. It is infinitely sweeter to be attracted by the fragrance of Paradise than to be repelled by the sulfurous fumes of Pandemonium. The contemplation of such a home as this book opens to us is pleasant to the eyes and good for the heart's food, and to be desired to make one wise. A pure domestic love shines throu it, tender, tranquil, and intense. Its inmates are daintily, delicately, yet distinctly drawn. They are courteous without being cold, playful without rudeness, serious yet sensible, reticent or demonstrative as the case may be, yet in all things natural. It is not a book, it is life. Each is a type of character matchless in its way, but each is also a living soul, whose outward elegance and grace are but the fit adjuncts of its inward purity and peace. Even if such a home never existed, we should still defend its portrayal, as the Vicar of Wakefield wrote his wife's epitaf during her life that she mīt have a chance to become worthy of its praise. . . . We know no work of fiction so full as this of beauty and wisdom, so free from folly, so resplendent with intellectual life, and with moral purity, so apt to teach, so graceful in the teaching. We follow it with admiration and sympathy, from its gay beginning, throu all the pain, the passion, and the peace, to the heartache of its closing pages, —that close, supremely sad, yet strangely beautiful. 'She sang to him, and he slept; she spoke, and he did not awaken.'" [Atlantic. **267**

HESTER STANLEY AT ST. MARKS. [by H. [E..] (PRESCOTT) SPOFFORD: *Roberts*, 1882.] "Mrs. Spofford in her delītful story of 'Hester Stanley,' has given us a surprise in demonstrating her ability, under stern necessity, to do without bric-à-brac. The dormitories of the boarding-school where the scene is laid are as bare as they would have been in life; not a single mother-of-pearl bedstead dares to raise a silken canopy; and the garden is an actual old-fashioned garden, instead of the literary conservatory, only adapted to the movements of a Tennyson's Maud, into which Mrs. Spofford usually leads us. She surprises us again by showing a decided gift for humor. We recommend the book to everybody," [Critic. **268**

HOMESPUN YARNS [by A. D. (T.) WHITNEY: *Houghton*, 1887.) "are all twisted to one issue—that is, to display her intimate knowledge of the vues and ways of Divine Providence. That a young girl's cloth is sufficient for her coat; that a housewife's pickles are salted to taste; that lovers unite or separate,—all these interesting mundane matters are referred to the direct interposition of God. Mrs. Whitney no more means to be irreverent than she means to be funny. She has been writing in this fashion for so many years that she doubtless feels herself familiar with Deity without any diminution of awe. . . Her constant devotion to a literal 'deus ex machina' burdens her stories with an artificiality which is intensified by the studied affectation of her style. The people who read them are still bound to the dark ages

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of our fiction. They want the supernatural and the unnatural." [Nation. **269**

HONEST JOHN VANE. [by J: W: DE FOREST: New Haven: *Richmond & Patten*, 1875.] "In this country, there has never been so good a political satire as this; but its excellence as such is only one of many. The malleable, blubberly good-intention of the hero, who weakens by stress of circumstances into a prosperous rogue, is very keenly appreciated, with all the man's dim, dull remorse, his simple reverence for men better than himself, his vulgar but efficient cunning with men as bad or worse. You more than half pity him, feeling that if such a soul as his had been properly trained, it would by no means have gone to the devil. Olympia Vane, for some reasons, we should be inclined to think a still better work of art. Her gradual expansion from the vulgar belleship she has enjoyed among her mother's boarders, from her 'tuf flirtations' with the undergraduates of a college town, into the sort of unhappy social success of her **Washington** life, is graficaliy traced. Her sort of rich, undelicate handsomeness affects you like something you have seen." [Atlantic. **270**

HONOR MAY. [by M.. BARTOL: *Ticknor*, 1866.] "A book without slang and vulgarism is singularly refreshing. Hi-toned, gracefully written, bearing the impress of New-England without being provincial, quiet and quieting, 'Honor May' will win and hold readers of whom a writer may well be proud." [Religious Magazine. **271**

HOPELESS CASE. (A) [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *Houghton*, 1880.] "When we look for a picture of American society we are offered Mr. Fawcett's A Hopeless Case and think ourselves well off with so entertaining a story. As a portraiture of one fāse of **New-York** society, it seems to us exceptionally clever. Mrs. Leroy, Rivington Van Corlear, Oscar Schuyler, Mr. Gascoigne, and other ladies and gentlemen are positively present, and the success is attained by no elaborateness of touch, but by a simple and truthful display of characters needed to present a full group of society figures. The placidity of their unemotional life is made apparent to the reader, and he does not feel that it is insipid. The subtle grace and charm of the do-nothing world has been reproduced to a shade, and the petty ambition and discontent of the unfortunate aspirants to fame in it are not allowed to disturb the even tone of the picture. Yet Mr. Fawcett knew very well that this flat background, however exquisitely painted, would not of itself make a picture, and he has projected from it, as a contrasting object, the figure of Agnes Wolverton, representing a life and society more in earnest and moved by hïer impulses. If the society was good, Miss Wolverton, shot into it from another sfere, was to reveal its insufficiency and to supply a standard which should measure its shortcomings. It is perhaps the misfortune of the contrast that Miss Wolverton is less a hï-spirited, ingenuous and noble girl, making the lït in which the other life is read, than a somewhat angular, aggressive and self-sufficient maiden, who enters the arena not only with a misconception of what lies before her, but with a misapprehension of what really constitutes the best society. We are to be persuaded that it was a hopeless case when Mrs. Leroy attempted to transform her cousin into a charming girl of society, and we grant that the venture was not successful: but there is implied in all this that Agnes was rït and loyal to an ideal, while Mrs. Leroy was the delicate slave of a petted conventionalism. Now we are not prepared to accept Miss Wolverton's reading of the case. We think the Van Corlear set were better to her than she deserved, and that instead of going off into blankness after undertaking to arrange society to her mind, it would have been more becoming if she had shown a little humility, and—we are almost ready to add,—modesty,—and disappeared from the story hand in hand with Mr. Livingston Maxwell. Her society friends were really forbearing toward this inharmonious creature."

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[Atlantic. 272

HOUSE AT HIGH BRIDGE (The) [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *Ticknor*, 1886.] "seems to us quite the most successful work of fiction that he has produced. It has, in the first place, the advantage of having an interesting story to tell, concerning itself with a situation arranged with ingenuity, and lending itself to dramatic treatment naturally. The characters employed to enact the story have been chosen from everyday types, with the loyalty to native and simple materials which Mr. Fawcett has consistently maintained in his essays in novel-writing; and in this instance he has returned, for his background, at least, to the common folk treated with intelligence in 'An Ambitious Woman' [No. 184]. These people are shown without palliation, in the practice of their small economies, the exercise of their doubtful tastes, and the pursuit of their cheap ambitions,—the women living in the fear of a social code derived from 'The Complete Book of Etiquette,' and skilled in shifts by which to make a show on very little; the men faithful machines for turning out the very little. . . The similarity of the germ thôt of this novel to that of Mr. "Anstey's" admirable 'Giant's Robe' will have struck all who may have read both books. But the subject—that of the theft of a manuscript and the publication of it under the name of the thief, is an extremely interesting one, and we are glad to see it treated once more and from another point of vue; and, again, the new treatment is in many ways very clever and original. It is the young girl's lover in Mr. Anstey's work who commits the wrong, and he fails in his suit throu her discovery of his baseness. This is a simple and powerful way of using the idea; Mr. Fawcett has involved it more, but his way too has force and meaning." [Church Review. 273

HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE (The). [by W: H: BISHOP: *Houghton*, 1883.] "The most generous critics of Mr. Bishop's novel will probably confess that it is a little dull; the most conscientious will find themselves obliged to state that it is very, very dull. The motive is good; for altho the sudden disgrace of merchant princes has long been a favorite theme with novelists, Mr. Bishop's prince is not merely denounced as a forger, but proved not to have been a forger, and yet shown to have been very near to becoming a forger. There is double point here, and the theme could have been worked into a striking short story, but the 400 pages into which Mr. Bishop has lengthened it, and which James Payn, or the author of 'Val Strange', or Mrs. Riddell, or almost any French writer, after choosing such a title, would have filled with ingenious and mysterious mercantile transactions, are padded with the material which gives the sub-title to the book—'A Novel of **New-York**'; in other words, with society gossip, hardly above the level of what mit be gleaned from the morning papers, and with the latest information as to the decorative art of fashionable rooms, even down to the ruby-velvet mat and open-work table-cloth of the dinner-table." [Critic. 274

HUNDREDTH MAN. (The) [by FR. R: STOCKTON: *Scribner*, 1887.] "Two almost distinct stories here march side by side. One of these motives is a wildly farcical 'strike' in a **New-York** restaurant, on the basis of a demand of the waiters that they be allowed to wear dress-coats instead of aprons and jackets. The restaurant is owned by a pompous bank president who makes the best part of his living by selling oyster stews, but who is ashamed to have the business known, and conducts it throu a 'manager'. There is much broad fun in the incidents bearing on this part of the scheme, but there is subtlety about it, too. When we come to what may be called the second story we find a social filosofer who deliberately sets himself to break an engagement of mariage, because he thinks the young man in question is not worthy of the young woman in question. He does this, heedless of the fact that the natural consequence of a forcible taking away of underpinning of that nature means only one thing—the change of the young

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woman's affections from the unworthy object to the agent which makes her realize the unworthiness. Yet our filosofer consistently maintains that he does not want this hily attractive girl for himself, and, in fact, he does his questionable work as he laid out to do and then leaves the heroine to go into a 'decline' without stretching out a helping finger, she being, in the end, snatched from the decline by an honest fellow in whose protestations of devotion she cannot but believe. The admirers of Mr. Stockton will find much to jog their curiosity in these vivacious, picturesque, and not seldom deeply moving pages." [American. 275

ISLAND NEIGHBORS (The) [by ANTOINETTE B. BLACKWELL: *Harper*, 1871.] "is a novel of american life; but of life within the limited sfere whose boundaries correspond to the coast-lines of **Martha's Vineyard.** . . . It is so quiet and unobtrusive a story, the period of its action is so brief, its characters are so few, and its incidents so homely and unsensational, that the reader will often pause and wonder why he likes it so well. For there is certainly a very potent charm in its pages—a charm which one parts with regretfully at the end. Perhaps it is the salty flavor that exhales from it—a fresh and bracing emanation that acts upon the blasé literary appetite like sea-air upon the fysical. This hypothesis harmonizes so well with the ardent admiration of sea-side nature which glows on every page—every one of which is saturated with briny love and lore—that it is pleasantest to accept it. The Warren family, rich Bostonians, hired a furnished cottage on the island for the summer. . . We have given only the thread of the love-plot, without hinting at the wealth of fresh and piquant entertainment which is found in its descriptions of the island amusements—of the ride to Painted Cliffs, of the camp-meeting, the fishing parties, the drawing of the great seine, the daily peregrinations and simple pleasures of the children, and the thrilling sketch of their peril in the great storm. All these must be read to be appreciated; and we can truthfully say that we have never seen more cheerful and pleasing pictures of a quiet summer life than they present." [Boston "Literary World." 276

JACOB SCHUYLER'S MILLIONS, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

JEAN MONTEITH, [by M. GREENWAY MCCLELLAND: *Holt*, 1887.] "Its scene is a little settlement at the foot of the Cumberland range, its motif the loyal devotion of a young girl to her father's memory. It is a brave little story, of a sort to help and not hinder the growth in character of anyone who reads it: and, which must be counted for rīteousness in these days of 'dialect', its characters as a general thing speak a language which we can read without the aid of a special lexicon of mispronunciations and verbal oddities." [Boston "Literary World." 277

JESSAMINE [by "MARION HARLAND," i. e., M. V. (H.) Terhune: *Carleton*, 1873.] "is rather better than such persons as have let 13 of her novels go by unread mīt think. It gives us an account of the misery that may be wrôt in the female heart by the hideous wiles of the male flirt. No one who takes up the book will expect to find it a formidable rival of "Middlemarch." It will be found, however, perfectly free from the questionable morality and the uneasy examination of a morbid heart which go so far towards spoiling what should be an innocent form of amusement. The machinations of the flirt are well described, as well as the heroine's perturbations; and if the story is not a great one, it is yet a good one." [Nation. 278

JOHN ANDROSS [by REBECCA [BLAINE] (HARDING) DAVIS: N.-Y., *Judd*, 1874.] "is certainly a very readable novel. Mrs. Davis writes well; with all her grimness she has a very agreeable humor, and if about all the men there is a certain exaggeration of their prominent qualities, the women—both the serious and sensible one whom the men of the story deem dull, and the frivolous and pretty one whom they with equal unanimity take for charming and loving—are very well

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described. The scene of the story is laid in western **Pennsylvania**, in the coal and oil region, and in Philadelphia and Harrisburg, and the local color is very well given. ... The plot turns on the sufferings of an amiable but weak man, who, partly by his own fault and partly by force of circumstances, has fallen into the power of a 'ring', which needs his glib tung and ready manners for aid in doing its dirty work in buying members of the legislature. ... One should remember, however, that even in works of fiction it would be very hard to exaggerate the evil doings of Pennsylvania legislators and rings." [Atlantic. **279**

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

JOHN GODFREY'S FORTUNES. [by BAYARD TAYLOR: *Putnam,—Low*, 1864.] "The first volume, in which we have the hero's childhood, is full of clear, lĭt, transparent sketches, full too of humor, and a genuine artistic pathos. The sketches of the **Pennsylvania** village life of the child with his mother, of his school experience, of his mother's death, of his apprenticeship to his uncle, and the religious revival in his uncle's church, of his literary ambitions, of his first start in life on his own account 'to teach school,' of the romping girl who wishes him to make love to her and thereby frĭtens him out of his wits, and of the composed young lady who accepts his hĭ-flown devotion with so sly an acquiescence, are all clear, brĭt, and fascinating... When Mr. Taylor gets his hero fairly embarked in literary life in **New-York** the sketches become more blurred, and the more brilliant scenes are somewhat irrelevant to the story,—being introduced more for their intrinsic humor or point than for their bearing on the principal character. But some of these are still very clever and piquant,—one especially of a transcendental poetess being at least as good as any of the similar sketches in 'Martin Chuzzlewit'... The Mr. Brandagee mentioned in this paragraf is a literary Bohemian, whose conversation,—quick, rattling, full of real insĭt and vivacity,—is admirably sketched." [Spectator. **280**

JOHN THORN'S FOLKS. [by ANGELINE (GRUEY) TEAL: *Lee*, 1884.] "The 'Western life' of the present study is not so very far West; no further, indeed, than the section so well portrayed in Eggleston's novels; but the **Indiana** of 'John Thorn's Folks', is not that of the 'Circuit Rider' and the 'Hoosier Schoolmaster'; the northern part of the state is more clearly allied to the East, from which most of its inhabitants have emigrated, than are the older settlements in the more southern portions, and offers less bizarre and eccentric types of character. The level and serene aspects of the scenery have no doubt their effect upon the residents. In this little study of Western life there is certainly nothing thrilling or sensational. The narrative flows throu a rather uneventful course of matrimonial misunderstandings, entanglements, and threatened misfortunes to a peaceful and pleasant termination. The story is, in fact, rather thin, yet in its very moderation and modesty gives promise." [American.]—"This book deserves a better name. Something in the very word 'folks' suggests a hopeless combination of poor dialect and still poorer story; but the little tale, tho very simple and unpretending, is well written and interesting. The 'folks' are limited to John Thorn and Mrs. Thorn, popularly described as 'odder'n odd.' The best of the book is in its quiet pictures of homely country life, relying for interest, not on absurd methods of speech, but on quaint habits of thôt and judgment." [Critic. **281**

JUST ONE DAY. [by J: HABBERTON: *Lockwood*, 1879.] "This clever 'jeu d'esprit' puts, in a capital way, the old question of 'Which has the harder lot, the mother who stays at home with unceasing worry from the care of children and the household, or the father, who spends his working hours and much of his leisure away?' The answer is given in no uncertain strain, and the contrast of the struggle on the part of the affectionate wife to bear her heavy burden, and the

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cool assumption of the husband that he does his whole duty in providing the means of living, without any care as to how it is used, so that his comfort is secured,—is admirably put. The story rises to a much hier plane than that of 'Helen's Babies' and its numerous progeny, unless this be counted the last of that long line." [Penn. **282**

JUSTINA [by SOPHY (WINTHROP) (SHEPHERD) WEITZEL: *Roberts*, 1886.] "is a novel of rather unusual merit. It is at once imaginative and realistic, and the story is related with a sort of sympathetic vigor which is very attractive. . . The plot is concerned with the honorable love of a woman for a man who has been shamefully trapped into an early and unhappy mariage. The interest turns upon the strength of character shown by the lovers, and their successful determination to do their full duty to themselves and to society. The struggle lasts years; it is painful but it is ennobling. . . It is a powerful little tale." [American.]—'Justina' has a moral. It is a study of that delicate, but, to the pens of women, evidently attractive question—the extent to which the obligation of mariage is binding, on account of the legal tie, when for any reason the moral claim of husband or wife has ceased to exist. . . The author, with some daring, yet with perfect purity, takes it as the straitforward and common-sense vue, that where a third person stands legally between the hands of lovers, yet for any reason has forfeited the rit to interpose between their hearts, the situation should be accepted just as it stands—the legal barrier respected, the freedom for avowed friendship and affection taken. . . Passing by this main point, we must add that the social background of the study is well drawn, refined and intelligent. The life and manners of wealthy and somewhat cosmopolitan people of intellect and station in an aristocratic **New-England** village, the tranquil charm of the place, the serenity and sweetness of manners, the influences which produce, as their final and typical result, such a 'nice girl' as Mary Beverly—all these are well caut." [Overland. **283**

JUSTINE'S LOVERS [by J: W: DE FOREST: *Harper*, 1878.] "is an exceedingly clever story . . . It contains the cleverest characterization, the keenest insit into motives, and the most delicate discrimination of human varieties. . . It is, in fact, a noticeably well-bred book. We tremble when the scene is shifted to Washington, but even the seemingly compulsory search for a place under government cannot make Justine vulgar. We respect the author so unfeinedly that we feel as if it would be almost impertinent to hint that she is telling her own experience; but we may at least affirm that she has contrived to inform her tale with an intense reality, and that it fixes our attention and absorbs our sympathies very much as the true story of an extremely engaging young woman would do." [Atlantic.]—"That at least a considerable portion of it is true is evident—for in the **Washington** episode several very prominent personages barely escape being named, and personal feeling unmistakably enters into the clever portrayal of that 'insolence of office' with which office-seekers at Washington are apt to become bitterly familiar. From any point of vue, 'Justine's Lovers' is piquant, and we should add pleasing, if we knew how its feminine readers would regard its naively frank revelations of the motives and reasons which determine the average woman's attitude towards mariage. Never, we think, have these determining reasons been exhibited quite so bare of the customary vestures of sentiment. . . Yet the tone of the book is not at all cynical, nor does it awaken a feeling of cynicism in the reader. On the contrary, it has the effect, which Burke said his experience of life had had upon him, of making us think better of mankind; and it is a conclusive tribute either to the author's skill or to the essential ritness and verity of her heroine's character, that, in spite of Justine's pliancy toward lovers, she retains not only our sympathy but our respect to the last. One thing concerning the story may be

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affirmed with confidence, and that is that it is thōroly readable." [Appleton's.]—"'Justine's Lovers' was an attempt to imitate the ordinary "woman's novel." Not a critic in the U. S. questioned the sex of the writer; I looked over all the reviews sent to Harpers in order to see if this would be so." [Author's note to compiler. **284**

KATHARINE EARLE. [by ADELINE (TRAFTON) KNOX: *Lee*, 1874.] "The best part is the account of the heroine's childhood, which was spent in Poplar Street, in **Boston**, a place venerable with the antiquity of 25 years... This is by no means a wonderful novel, but the frank, honest character of the heroine is not at all badly drawn, and there are no violent and unnatural incidents." [Atlantic. **285**

KITTY'S CLASS DAY [by LOUISA M. ALCOTT: *Loring*, 1865;—Also in "Proverb Stories."] "is a gracefully-told story which relates the mishaps which befell a little girl on the Harvard class-day in consequence of her neglecting to sew the facing on her dress, and trusting to basting-threads and pins. The results of her negligence were hardly so serious as they should have been made in the interests of sound morality, since, by means of her small troubles, she discovered the general good-for-nothingness of the youth with whom she fancied herself about to fall in love, and surrendered her heart instead, before class-day was over, to a much more satisfactory person: which seems as if Kitty were rather to be congratulated on her laziness." [Nation. **286**

LAKEVILLE. [by M.. (HEALY) BIGOT: *Appleton*, 1873.] "This not very clever book has an interest and a present value which ōt to bring it into notice, because its chief merit, an admirable picture of the garish life of one of our great Western cities, is too delicately done to be appreciated by a foreiner, who sees, when he sees at all, only broad characteristics, while the story is too completely native in its tone to be anything but ignored by an american. Lakeville is **Chicago**... The reckless, comfortless existence of a community mad in the pursuit of sudden wealth; its bald, hard, almost dreary aspect; its narrow range of feeling, its coarse excitement and its indescribable vulgarity—'Lakeville' sets forth with a fidelity which one cannot altogether understand, so unshrinking is it. And here ends what is in reality the only valuable part of the book. The rest of the story is laid abroad; a provincial french household, and the character of one of its inmates, 'une jeune fille bien elevée,' are cleverly sketched." [Penn. **287**

LAST ASSEMBLY BALL, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

LAW UNTO HERSELF. [by R.. [B.] (H.) DAVIS: *Lippincott*, 1878.] "Mrs. Davis writes stories which can hardly be called pleasant, and which frequently, as here, deal with most unpleasant persons; but there is an undercurrent of recognized rectitude and a capacity for calling a spade a spade which sets her writings in a category far removed from french morality. She is often worse than careless in her language; but tho she shows bad taste in various ways, or perhaps because of this, she succeeds in giving a truer impression of american conditions than any writer we know except Mr. Howells, while there is a vast difference between his delicately illuminated presentations of our social absurdities and Mrs. Davis' grim and powerful etchings. Somehow she contrives to get the american atmosfere, its vague excitement, its strife of effort, its varying possibilities. Add to this a certain intensity, a veiled indignation at prosperity, and doubt of the honesty of success, and we get qualities which make Mrs. Davis' books individual and interesting if not agreeable." [Nation. **288**

LENA RIVERS, see DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

LENOX DARE [by VIRGINIA WALES TOWNSEND: *Lee*, 1881.] "is a fresh and vigorous story. It is a portrayal of a character which may perhaps not often be found in the quiet, out-of-the-way nooks and corners of our american country life, but, when found, is to be hily

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prized as a national possession, for nowhere except in our own country do we find existing just those condition which are necessary for its development." [Penn. **289**

LESSON IN LOVE (A) [by E. [W.] (O.) KIRK: *Osgood*, 1881.] "is a very good story. It is, besides, an american novel in the strictest sense, that is to say not only are its characters, incidents, and situations american, but it is direct, without color, hardly romantic, and almost bleak. . . . Accordingly, in the fruits of her observation we have a very natural and credible story. The hero is a busy lawyer, whose distinguished abilities are abundantly recognized and make him a good catch. His industry, however, has had the effect of making him a good deal of a bear, and he is rarely seen in society. Engaged as counsel by the family attorney of Mrs. K.. Warrington, he nevertheless finds his imagination touched by his fair client, and before he really knows it he is engaged to her. . . On his side there is little sentiment, and he has to ask himself whether he is really in love or not, until he meets the plaintiff in the suit to break his fiancée's late husband's will, when he promptly falls in love with her in earnest. It perfectly fits with his character that he should not perceive this, and, without much thôt of infidelity, he continues to discharge his duties to Katherine while he enjoys himself with little Doris, who is considerably under 20 and exactly cut out for him. His engagement is kept a secret throu his fear of ridicule, and he has therefore, plenty of opportunity for hily reprehensible conduct, which he indulges with the serene, or at least only vaguely troubled, conscience of a man absolutely selfish, healthy, and active-minded. Doris reciprocates his feeling at once. This state of things finally collapses throu its discovery by Katherine, who bestows herself upon a cousin (who has worshiped her for year), and Truax hies him to Doris and probably has made her a miserable woman ever since." [Nation. **290**

LIFE IN THE NEW WORLD [by "C: SEALSFIELD," i. e., Carl Postl: New-York, 1842.] "The only novelist who has shown the manners of this country in at all the rīt spirit was a German [Austrian] whose stories, published under the pseudonym of Charles Sealsfield, at intervals from 1828 to 1842, attracted, it is said, a great many readers; tho they have now passed into deep obscurity. Sealsfield's supreme advantage was that of an impartial and very impressible mind, to which the immense and varied stretches of our many-chambered life were suddenly revealed. The vast range, the richness of the material, awoke an exhaustless enthusiasm in him, and his life was passed in journeying throu every part of the States, and into the outlying wilderness, and in reporting, throu the medium of novels, his curious and almost limitless discoveries. Nothing escaped him; he did not close his eyes to a single foible or error, and all which he has to tell us of our manners is based on a frame of fact as unyielding and coldly certain as iron. Yet, withal, he possessed a comprehension of our entire system and the quality of our national being which would be rare in a native american. His 'Life in the New World' is a series of novels opening one into another with a continuousness which he must have caut from the Mississippi and the Red River, along whose shores the scenery of the stories is unfolded; and ruf, diffuse, ragged in plan as they are, they give a panoramic vue of american character which is surely one of the most singular things in literature. I say *literature*; yet you are haunted, in reading him, by a suspicion that it is not fiction, but hugely agglomerated fact, which you have before you. And this is partly true. . . In this story, or rather enormous fragment,—all his books are more or less such,—he uses a Philadelphian magnate with the scarcely masked name of Stephen G—d. In Rambleton, he tries the case of family pride, and of american flirtation; for there is something judicial in his whole treatment of his themes. We have elsewhere planter-life depicted, and slavery discuss-

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-ed. 'The Squatter Chief' is a bold, bloody, and yet vigorous story with a deep pathos about it. Yet there is a rawness, a lingering exaggeration, in these powerful frescoes. Sealsfield, tho a profound genius, missed being an artist." [G: P. Lathrop in Atlantic.]—"German critics,—H. Ethé, —for example, have long held up Sealsfield as a first-rate genius, and we now find that Dr. Kapp, tho looking at him from a different standpoint, concurs in this vue. 'With what extraordinary success,' he writes, 'did Sealsfield study and observe these people. Even now americans can learn certain features of their character better from him than from the best of *their* writers.' His works form so many chapters 'of the history of civilization, which he paints in truly seductive colors. But their greatest attraction is due to the fact that this modern history is typical for the development of humanity at large, and suggests many wêty points with respect to its oldest history.' In Germany, these works 'were literally devoured, and were a regular topic of students' conversation, both among themselves and with ladies.' In the United States, 'on the most favorable reckoning, he can have had only a few hundred readers, and they forgot his books as soon as read. At present he is here known 'not even by name.' In the Boston Public Library Dr. Kapp could find only one of his works, and 'no american literary history even mentions his name.' This is hardly a fair statement, for Allibone gives him fitting notice, and refers to Griswold, tho the list of his books, compared with Dr. Kapp's, is defective." [Nation. **291**

LITTLE JOANNA. (The) [by E.. W. (C.) BELLAMY: *Appleton*, 1875.] "'Little Joanna' is a story of **Southern** rural life, very quiet and barren of incident, but praiseworthy for refinement in thôt and style and for skilful sketches of character. The heroine is a girl of 15, the granddauter of Judge Basil, with whose widow she lives. Another inmate of the house is a middle-aged lady, known as Pamela, a hard-working, hi-minded, but grim and rather repulsive person. The widow herself, of hily aristocratic antecedents, leads an easy life in comparative poverty, dreaming of past grandeur. The closing pages, in which the drama hastens to its close, are more entertaining than their predecessors, and the dénouement is satisfactory." [Boston "Literary World." **292**

LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD. (A) [by C: D. WARNER: *Harper*, 1890.] "Mr. Warner, also, appears to have been struck by New-York as a mirror of modern life, but his attention has been concentrated on a single fäse,—the insidiousness with which wealth quickly acquired eats into the finer nature. His theme is a very simple one, but is played in many variations. The reader is introduced to a girl of noble qualities and sensitiveness to impressions, and is asked to witness how her nature is slowly undermined by the silent approaches of the enemy of all spiritual things, the unrīteous Mammon. He will observe no marked changes in the superficial nature of the woman. She remains throuo͡ut the book as gracious, as kind, as beautiful, as when she first appears to the little chorus of the story, the nêboring circle in a town [**Hartford**], which discusses from time to time the problems suggested by the tale. Her circumstances change: she passes from this seclusion and this little society of cultivated men and women into the very conspicuous circles of **New-York** society; she exchanges a moderate living for one of steadily increasing munificence, and, step by step, rises in the scale of splendor, until she has what, in the eyes of the world, is a commanding position, the wife of one of the richest men in New-York, the mistress of a superb establishment, in possession of all which refined taste can buy, and unstained by any breath of scandal. The task which Mr. Warner set himself was to indicate the slow but steady deterioration of the woman herself at the core, the gradual creeping in of the paralysis of her spiritual faculties, the dying out of that fire-on-the-hearth which was kindled and kept alive in the sweet sobriety of her maidenhood."

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[Atlantic. 293

LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW. [by H. [E..] (B.) STOWE: *Fields*, 1871.] "This also is charmingly illustrated, and is a sweet wholesome story for girls, full of the best flavor of the **New-England** country-life, which no one describes so well as Mrs. Stowe. The little maid who is born in the back-country among the hills, to whom Mother Fern and little Mistress Liverworth and Pussy Willow give their gifts like the fairies of old,—the last the 'gift of always seeing the brīt side of everything,'—grows up with helpful hands and sunny heart, a cheery example of the best thing that grows in this happy corner of the earth. Meantime, little Emily Proudie in New York is fīting the losing battle for health and happiness, under the disadvantage of too many so-called advantages. It is a good day for the wilted city damsel when she is sent for recovery to the country farm-house, where she learns from little Pussy Willow how to make butter and to look at nature, and to live for other people and not for herself alone." [Religious Magazine. 294

LITTLE SISTER. [by JANE (WOOLSEY) YARDLEY: *Roberts*, 1882.] "That it is still possible to produce a fiction of the old-fashioned type, simple, pure, probable, and entertaining, the appearance now and again of a book like 'Little Sister' agreeably proves. Honor Armytage, the Little Sister of the story, is a young widow, with two little children, and a pretty, willful step-dauter, not many years her junior. Poor, clever, proud with that self-respecting pride which has in it no tinge of self-love or self-seeking, full of sweet traits and of inconsistencies no less sweet, loyal to her heart's core to all old ties, but most loyal of all to truth, this Little Sister strikes us as being as good a picture as has often been given of what is distinctive and best in american womanhood. For tho Honor has Scotch blood in her veins, she is essentially, american, too in the common sense which underlies her kindliness; and while she has all the grace and refinement of an english or french lady, there is about her that flexibility, that gift of adapting herself to circumstances, of living and helping to live, which seems the peculiar endowment of our country-women at their best. She is individual as well. Not every american woman has the clear honesty of soul which characterizes Honor, and which leads her to take off her widow's cap and lay it on the fire, the very hour she realizes that her heart has opened to a second love... To those who have learned to demand pungent flavor and hī coloring in fiction, this little story, with its simplicity in plot, may seem tame. We commend it to those readers whose palates are more fastidious or less vitiated, who can discriminate between pink and scarlet, and still enjoy in a book freshness, refinement, and delicacy of handling." [Boston "Literary World." 295

LITTLE UPSTART (A) [by W: H: RIDEING: *Cupples*, 1885.] "is a brīt and clever novel. Its title is a grain off-color, for the tinge of severity attaching to that epithet does not deservedly characterize our judgment of the young lady whose personal history and literary fortunes are the subject of the tale. A literary novel, the book mīt be called. **Boston** is its scene, and Boston people, mostly, are its characters. Its action is a sort of masquerade. Throu a thin veil of fiction we discern a company of men and women, many of whom, notwithstanding their disguises, we are sure we know... The heroine is a Vermont girl, barely out of her teens, who from a journal she had furtively kept has written a book, the publication of which has made her famous and brôt her to Boston to be lionized. Here she falls into the hands of a fat, coarse, loud Mrs. Ames, a shoddy poet and social parvenue, with an unctuous and occasionally tipsy husband. Mrs. Ames, recognizing the gifts and graces of Miss Belknap, clutches at her and sets out to utilize her as a means for her own advancement. Meantime, of course, the much-talked-of young author finds a lover, a member of an ancient and honorable family, and in due time he and Miriam mary, and settle down in an apart-

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ment on Beacon Hill, much to the disgust of his lofty mother and sisters, who have a great contempt for Mrs. Ames, and no kindness towards any 'little upstart' whom she may be chaperoning. Mrs. Ames' struggles to get into the Denbigh set are frantic, subtile, and amusing. She is a character, a caricature of her kind, and broadly but effectively drawn." [Boston "Literary World." **296**

LONG LOOK AHEAD. (A) [by AZEL STEVENS ROE: *Derby*, 1855.] "There is much in this book which may by impatient readers be deemed 'long-winded,' but the book is a good book notwithstanding. It has a healthy, hearty, out-of-doors, country air about it, and the details of real american farm life are charming in their natural homely delineations. There are some long conversations in which different religious sects are made to talk to one another, but it is managed in so kindly and pious a spirit, and the results are so full of pleasant incident and good feeling that to lay the good counsel to heart would more profit the reader than to be critical and find fault because the action of the story is somewhat delayed. The character of the hero, who goes about his work 'rīt off,' is drawn with spirit. The book has a decidedly american accent, but it is that of a healthy nationality and not a vulgar provincialism; and as a genuine picture of american country life we recommend it to our readers." [Athenæum. **297**

LOVE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY [by HARRIET W. PRESTON: *Roberts*, 1873.] is "a very pleasant, brīt, happy story with nothing morbid or sensational about it. The narrative flows on in a clear and healthful stream, interrupted by discussions which are natural and sensible. This story calls itself a fragment, and we trust the author will complete it when the 2 young people have had a few years more of experience. Early mariages, made desirable by skillful, economical habits, inexpensive tastes, rational modes of enjoyment and reasonable wishes, will do much to check the feverish ambition and foolish extravagance which are undermining the purity and happiness of our domestic relations. The influence of this little book with its cheerful vues and anticipations is all in the rīt direction." [Religious Magazine. **298**

LOVE OF A LIFETIME. The [by CAROLINE G. (C.) CURTIS: *Cupples*, 1884.] "Its value lies less in its plot and action than in its grafic, natural, and life-like delineation of **New-England** village scenes and experiences of a certain type a quarter of a century ago; not caricaturing quaintness and oddity of figure and temper and speech, but holding them up to speak for themselves." [Boston "Literary World." **299**

LUCY ARLYN. [by J: T. TROWBRIDGE: *Ticknor*, 1866.] "The scene of the story is Northern **New-York**: the date is recent. Lucy Arlyn, the heroine, is a girl of unusual intellect, quick sensibility, and a deep, passionate nature. Full of irrepressible longings after the unimaginable and the infinite, her restless maiden fancy sīs for she knows not what, and nowhere finds it. Left without a mother at an early age, and her father absent, she is resigned to the care of a widowed aunt with a mariageable dauter, who does not sī for the infinite but distinctly wishes to be maried, and is, perhaps, a little envious of the superior graces of her cousin. In this uncongenial air our heroine, still seeking and finding not, meets the son of a nêboring squire of hī degree, who is the deadly enemy of Lucy's father. The young man, too, is no common youth; of vehement passions and a powerful imagination, he has been nursed in luxury and is ignorant of self-control. He, likewise, has a weakness for the infinite; but with a genuinely masculine liking for a tangible substratum for his imaginings, he accepts this girl as a temporary equivalent; and after some gentle but pardonable attempts at opposition on her part, an elopement and secret mariage follow. He places her in a nêboring farmhouse and pays her stolen visits; but, to deceive his father, who has forbidden the mariage on pain of disinheritance, keeps

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up the forms of filial duty. Meanwhile the young man grows weary; longings for the infinite begin again to show themselves, and he becomes the leader of a body of spiritists then in the nêborhood, who are searching for hidden treasure under the guidance of a half-crazy girl, one of their number. who, lead by spiritual mentors, has left an uncongenial mariage, to fall deeply in love with our hero. While these 2 pursue, hand in hand, their search for things below the earth by means of powers above it, poor Lucy is left alone; her child is born, and she endures at once the ignominy of what the world believes an unhallowed maternity and the anguish of forsaken love. So we are led on from episode to episode, from tragedy to tragedy, till, at last, from Iliad on Iliad of woes—from despair, murder and sudden death—we rest with grateful hearts in the Fortunate Islands." [Round T. **300**

MABEL VAUGHAN [by MARIA SUSANNA CUMMINS: *Phillips,—Low*, 1857.] "is a quiet and intensely good story, about a model heroine of the Queechy school, who after doing her duty as a sister and a dauter, finds at last her reward in a model senator, whose declaration of love reads like a maiden-speech. The book is carefully written; and the story keeps 'within its banks' like the most orderly Thames; but there is a lack of all freshness and spirit. 'Aunt Sabiah' is the only character who seems like a sketch from life. Her sad, patient, shadowy existence is well indicated, and the little reviving sparkle in her old age of the one romance of her life is very well put in, and touches the reader like a strain of an old melody 'played in tune', and is far better than the more labored and ambitious intentions of the other portions." [Athenæum. **301**

MC VEYS (The) [by JO. KIRKLAND: *Houghton*, 1888.] "is a very good novel. The present story is a sort of sequel to Zury: [No. **178.**] But "The McVeys" stands sufficiently on its feet to prevent one's ignorance of its predecessor from being a great misfortune. Possibly if the mistiness surrounding Zury's relation to Anne and her twins were cleared away more fully than it is by the allusions to her editing a Fourierite newspaper in her youth, and the not very explicit hints by which she evaded Dr. Strafford's amusing importunities, it would be less pleasant reading. As it stands, it may be recomended safely. It is full of wholesome lessons on a good many adverse points, and they have the merit of being given without the least touch of didacticism. The talk, let the speakers be who they may, is uniformly interesting and characteristic, and almost always amusing into the bargain." [Catholic World.]—"The life here drawn has taken some steps in civilization beyond the pioneer days of the thirties and forties of the **Illinois** farming community; for the railroad has come and towns are rising, and there is hint of the coming greatness of Chicago. But in its essence there is but little difference; it is still the extremely provincial life of the fresh water community, sunk in filistinism, out of touch with all the world, and flat as its prairies, yet capable of producing strong and able men, whose rugged virtues and familiarity with overcoming obstacles saved the Union in the days when a great idea moved the whole land, and even the prairies felt the common impulse. This life Mr. Kirkland choose for his study. Pleasing he does not make it,—that would require a false coloring of his picture,—but it is certainly interesting as a study of the great shaping forces, albeit somewhat in the ruf, that make an american commonwealth. As such it is full of hope for the future." [Overland. **302**

MADAME LUCAS [by—( ) Wells: *Osgood*, 1882.] "is a St. Louis story, [disguised as St. Leon,] and with a beautiful and clever Parisian widow for heroine, who has come to the Mississippi Valley capital to live on her fortune, loses it, loses also her heart to a man who secretly has a wife living: and finally, going back to France with a bruised heart, buries herself in a sisterhood. Madame Lucas is the center of a lotos-eating set of *ARTISTS*, musical and other, whose dialog is report-

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ed with some skill; and the discovery of her lover's half-breed wife on the shore of one of the great lakes is managed with some dramatic effect." [Boston "Literary World." **303**

MADONNA OF THE TUBS (The) [by E. S. (PHELPS) WARD: *Houghton*, 1886.] "is a very delitful little book from the hand of a lady who has done some fine and some doubtful things. It is the story of a fisherman and his family, and of his loss and recovery, and all the little tragedy of a temporary quarrel nearly turned into a great one. But for the interposition of a 'summer boarder' that curiously and vulgarly fine, banal, and unmeaning person, who so often comes in to spoil the natural scene in american romances, the story of the hard-working wife, so tender and true, but with her spark of temper and quick impatience, and the ruf but loving sailor-husband and all their brood, is at once charmingly told and full of pathos and humor. The ruf little house, so clean and brit when all is well, so forlorn under the pressure of sorrow; the mother with her children, so faulty, and tender, and human; the big fisherman, with his ruf ways and superstitions; the salt, keen atmosfere of the sea, and even the special americanism of 'the instrument,'—are all delitful, natural and true. We should have preferred to escape the inevitable fine lady, so superior to the other summer boarders in the ineffable fineness of Beacon Street; but that, perhaps, was too much to be hoped. We do not pretend that Miss Phelps' little book is a masterpiece, but it is very pretty, natural and true." [Blackwood's. **304**

MAN PROPOSES. [*Lee*, 1880.] "Mr. Hugh Prescott is a business man in **Boston**, whomh is partner is about to ruin. In his counting-house he has a nefew, Robert, a theological student, acting as his secretary; and there is a very original person among the clerks, named Amory. In the end Amory proves the hero, having the best material for the making of one. He it is who enriches Mr. Prescott as well as himself by buying stock in a copper mine. He is a very original character; and the fatherly music-master, who goes to Italy to find out about Phœbe's parentage, is another. The girl herself is unique but not impossible, and very attractive; we like her; with her sincere spirit, her rare voice and beauty as we first meet her; she 'wears well' tho her unusualness is manifested in her clairvoyant experiences; and we are glad that she brings her fortune, nobility, and love to the rīt man at last." [Boston "Literary World." **305**

MAN STORY. A [by EDGAR WATSON HOWE: *Ticknor*, 1886.] "'The Story of a Country Town' [No. 146] won hī praise from two critics who did not derive their knowledge of **Western** life solely from books. When Mr. Howells and 'M: Twain' both certify that they have been struck by such a picture, we may be sure that it is worth looking at, at least, especially when there is more agreement than we are wont to expect from critics as to what the features of the picture are. 'Amid the prevailing harshness and aridity,' says one of them, 'there are episodes of tenderness and self-devotion that are like springs of water out of the ground.' "Your pictures of the arid village life,' says the other, 'and the insides and outsides of its people, are vivid, and, what is more, true. I know, for I have seen it all and lived it all." The aridity, it should be noticed, is inherent in the life described, and not in the author. . . The scene is laid in the very heart of the great Western divorce country—that is, somewhere where divorce is regarded as a natural consequence of any ill-assorted mariage, and where at the same time this does not interfere with a hī development of fidelity and affection between those fortunately constituted mates who are designed for each other by nature. Combined with a good deal of literary cleverness, there is what an artist would complain of as a total lack of background. We feel that we are in a new place, in a society without any past, without any associations, in which (apart from the eternal passion which keeps the world going) there is nothing left of all which has made life in-

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teresting and attractive except railroads as a means of locomotion and 'dry-goods' as its object. The very language of the story is not the english of literature, but a curious mixture, in which a literary flavor contends with a strong disposition towards bad grammar. Altogether, is this a new species of literature, or is it merely a poor and outlandish species? Heaven forbid that we should find any fault with it as being Western. But what is it?" [Nation. 306

MAN'S WILL (A) [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *Funk*, 1888.] "is a novel which would serve as a tractate for the teetotalers. It is the story of a man's struggle with an inherited taste for drink, a battle lost time and again, until delirium tremens scares the poor fellow into a resolve which holds. The drunkard's course from the first glass of beer at a Columbia students' mock burial to the fearful end is told with painful particularity. Columbia men, by the way, will not be pleased at the picture of student life given by Mr. Fawcett, and **New-York** society people will doubtless find their own portraits somewhat too black in the drawing. As in all of the author's work, however, there is a distinct falling short of the object aimed at, and the reader is all the time conscious of this, tho he may not be able to analyze the feeling. The characters are distinct enuf, but not real enuf, and the minute details of how and why the hero drinks every glass of liquor, from one schooner of beer to many sips of absinthe, are wearisome rather than instructive. The effect on his sister of the father's murder in a bar-room, in making her a temperance fanatic, and her relations with her easy-going husband, are better told." [Overland. 307

MARGARET. [by "LYNDON," i. e., Matilda A. Bright: *Scribner*, 1868.] "Simply and sympathetically told, with entire freedom from straining after effect, and with unfailing good taste, this is almost a model of our idea of a pleasant book. It deliberately relinquishes intensity for naturalness, and, we think, with excellent effect. It is not wine, but cool water fresh from the spring. Without a single absorbing situation, it is also without a single false note. Yet it is far from tame. The story of a sound, gentle, generous woman, and of a noble, earnest, refined man, who lose years of youth and love by the treachery of others, is surely no dull episode, when all the characters are life-like and all the conceptions are clear and true." [Round Table. 308

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. [by C. DICKENS, 1844.] "Here are all our old friends, Jefferson Brick, Col. Diver, Elijah Pogram, Chollop, and the rest of them in a new dress, indeed, but as quaint and impudent and as impossible to survey without lâfter as ever. For our part, we think that all our english censors, from Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope down to Lowe and Ruskin, have served and do serve a most useful purpose for the country they criticise. There are still plenty of americans who may be benefited by reading 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'" [Round T'le 309

MARTIN'S VINEYARD [by AGNES HARRISON: *Low*, 1872.] "is a very clever novel, done in that 'low tone' which artists love and lovers of art appreciate. It is not a little curious that a tale so thōroly american, so full of local lit and shade, should come to us with an english imprimatur, and the name of a writer known to us only by some contributions to english magazines. Quaker life in a New-England village was no doubt striking enuf to make a lasting impression on a traveler alive to novel effects, and to this we perhaps owe the book, which, in the shape of a romance, reproduces, very effectively, the 'interior' of a Quaker household on the Massachusetts coast, with all its contrasts of that quiet exterior to which all outward exhibition of feeling is subdued, and of that depth of passion which works with the more force because it is long concealed. But better even than the Quaker love-story, better, too, than the clever sketches of nature as seen in a New-England coast village, is the life of the village: the various types are well-chosen, and made to play their parts naturally and to the full

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development of the story." [Penn.]—"A domestic tale, not encumbered by too many characters, unsullied by interludes of crime, and exciting a deep, yet quiet interest, not by the book-maker's tricks, but by the skill of a writer who has evidently studied closely, and to some purpose the workings of the heart, it is a novel which we can heartily commend. We are taken far away from the scenes and circles which have become so hackneyed, and are introduced to a little island called Martin's [**Martha's**] **Vineyard**, situated some 5 miles from the coast of New England. . . In fact, the story is composed in an artistic, yet natural manner. Milly herself is a charming creation. She is simply an unselfish, good-looking girl, who, romantic tho she be, is an admirable house-wife, and is unconscious of her charms." [Athenæum. **310**

MASTER. (The) [by M.. (ANDREWS) DENISON: Boston, *Walker*, 1862.] "Among the lesser tales of the day is a volume very interesting in its incidents, and very charming in its spirit,—a tale of a music-master, his household and his friends. The charms, trials and perils of the profession are sketched with great felicity and beauty. The story is well developed, easily winning and retaining the reader's attention,—tho it hinges on a quite unnecessary and painful mystery, which is resolved at the end in a somewhat theatrical tableau. Each of the characters, with a curious skill, and without any duplicating, is endowed with some specialty of musical genius; and the serene, noble figure of the Master, large-hearted, gentle, and touched by great griefs, is well worthy to be the central figure. The contrast of the maidens, the brilliancy of the younger man, the half-cynic wisdom and tragic experience of the elder, the crazed tenant of the 'den,' the proud, fond, jealous wife, with the background of humbler life, and the picturesque suggestion of Southern landscape as a foil to the **New-England** city, make a great wealth of material for so small a compass." [Christian Examiner. **311**

MEADOW BROOK, see DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

MELBOURNE HOUSE. [by SUSAN WARNER: *Putnam,—Nisbet*, 1865.] "Daisy wishes to be religious, and having read the commandment about the 'Sabbath-day' she refuses to sing a song out of an opera when desired to do so by her mother, because she does not feel it to be rīt. . . Now Daisy acted up to her līt, and showed a hī sense of principle—we do not complain of her; but we do complain against the author for putting the father and mother hopelessly in the wrong—setting them in a cruel and persecuting līt and making a child rise in judgment against them:—it is bad teaching. Mrs. Randolph, the mother, is utterly disagreeable and worldly in all she says and does: the father is a little better, but the aunt is vulgar. Daisy alone is the preacher of goodness and the exemplar for everybody. It is not a good moral to teach children. The office of a parent is sacred. At the age of 6 a spirit of reverent obedience to parents, pastors and masters is better than any amount of doctrinal accuracy." [Athenæum. **312**

MIDGE. (The) [by H: CUYLER BUNNER: *Scribner*, 1886.] "Dr. Evert Peters lives in the French quarter of **New-York**, and by his generous services to a dying woman, friendless in a strange country, wins the affection of her little dauter. In fact, the child is so devoted to him that in spite of his first embarrassment at the situation, he cannot bring himself to part with her. Accordingly, 'the Midge', as he calls the little foreiner, grows-up under his protection, brītening with her young life his dim old rooms in Washington Square. They enjoy the ease and freedom of a harmless bohemianism, and are in a way indifferent to social codes. Heroes and heroine's always display a sort of moral somnambulism which enables them to walk over slippery places utterly unconscious of the dangers that lurk beneath, hence it is not until 'the Midge' is 18 that the good doctor begins in logical order to put 2 and 2 together, and makes the delītful discovery

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that the next thing in order for himself and 'the Midge' to do is to be maried. Unluckily he is just a little late: an entirely superfluous and uninteresting youth of 20 odd has jumped at the conclusion that the young girl has been brôt up by the benevolent minded doctor, at infinite expense and pains, to contribute to *his* happiness, and while our favorite hero is chuckling over his own prospective felicity, he suddenly awakes to the fact that the young people are engaged and wish to mary immediately and go to housekeeping. There is nothing especially original in all this, but Mr. Bunner has told the little story so pleasantly, with entire fidelity to nature, and a little dash of humor without exaggeration, that it makes one of the most readable novels of the season." [American. **313**

MILLY [by LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY: *Loring*, 1866.] "is an interesting and unpretending little book, in which certain fāses of school-girl life are truthfully depicted, and the various thôts, feelings, and motives of action incident to that period of youth carefully analyzed. The story, tho very simple, has a good purpose, and the moral is inculcated with as little sermonizing as possible... We believe, however, that the reader's favorite will be the energetic, honest, and hopeful Priscilla. She and her mother are by far the most sensible and worthy persons in the book; there is a healthy moral tone about them, an absence of all that is morbid or unreal, and a cheerful submission to the crosses of life truly refreshing... We cheerfully commend 'Milly' to the perusal of all young people; they will not only be deeply interested in the simple story, but greatly benefited by its wholesome influence." [Round Table. **314**

MINISTER'S CHARGE. (The) [by W: D. HOWELLS, *Ticknor*, 1887.] "Lemuel Barker, the young New-England rustic who goes to Boston, falls into temptation, but into no temptation of the grosser sort in which the true follower of the realists would delīt to wallow. The truth is that Mr. Howells, tho he professes to be a realist and to describe life as it is, is not one. He paints the life around him as he chooses to see it. He fits his human beings for presentation in the pages of a family magazine and in novels which may be read by every young girl. He impresses us as a sincere and pure-minded gentleman who arranges his groups, carefully chosen, each member with his working clothes on, and then fotografs them... Statira and Manda Greer, the giggling working-girls of 'The Minister's Charge,' are known by certain tricks of manner and speech common to the most frivolous class of **Boston** working-girls. But we learn nothing of their inner lives—if they have any. Lemuel's love-making in the boarding-house room is innocent enuf; but we feel that it is not Lemuel's tender New-England conscience or Statira's principles which make it innocent, but the fact that Mr. Howells (tho invisible, and with an eye to the fact that he writes for american families) is a most careful chaperon.—The Rev. Mr. Sewell, the minister whose amiable habit of telling pleasant fibs has brôt Lemuel to Boston, is a charming character. He is true to life, and, we must admit, something more than a fotograf. He ministers to a very respectable Boston flock; he is sincere in spite of his amiable fibs; he wishes to do rīt and to be father-confessor to his people, without the faintest knowledge of moral theology or any training for the work, except a good heart and some experience of the human race in general, and the Bostonians in particular." [Catholic World.]—"It is lit with the most pervasive yet most delicate and elusive spirit of fun. Even that awful nītmare, the New-England conscience, loses all its grimness in the person of Mr. Sewell, and becomes conscious of its incongruity, despite the monitions of the self-constituted gardian angel, Mr. Sewell's wife. It is this spirit of humor that makes it possible to preserve the friendliness of the reader towards such every-day characters as Manda Grier and Statira, and makes one follow with interest all the scenes in the police court, in the Wayfarer's Lodge, and in the street cars, which

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have excited the ire of more than one critic. But the best character in the book is that of Lemuel. The author has, to be sure, forsworn his own literary tenets even when he seems most anxious to conform to them, for Lemuel is quite as much an ideal, an improbability, as if he had been drawn less awkward and countrified. It is a sort of accepted convention to praise the homely virtues of the country at the expense of the city; but people who know their world would not look very confidently towards the rural districts for any marked examples of purity and simplicity. —Many of us, however, can find it in our hearts to pardon Mr. Howells for cherishing old ideals, and he certainly has succeeded in presenting a very captivating picture of young, unspoiled, untrained manhood, strong and uprīt, yet painfully conscious of its own gaucherie. And one of the most admirable effects is produced by the way in which the character of Lemuel defines itself in the reader's mind not so much by what he himself says and does, as by the impression he makes upon others." [Lippincott's. **315**

MISS MARGERY'S ROSES. [by R. C. MEYERS: *Peterson*, 1879.] "A simply and sweetly told little story is 'Miss Margery's Roses,' with only 4 people in it, 2 sisters and their lovers, with a rich and fragrant garden round them, in the midst of whose perfume acquaintance ripens into friendship, and friendship into love; and love makes a strange mistake, and one disappointed but faithful heart is left long to wait for its reward. The receiving by one woman of an oral declaration of love intended for another, with a happy mariage growing out of it, is not a common device in fiction, and we are not sure that it would work smoothly in real life: but here it is made to answer very well." [Boston "Literary World." **316**

MISS NANCY [by IDA RAHM: Phil'a: *McKay*, 1884.] "is an amusing little story; the brītness occasionally degenerates into mere smartness, but it is on the whole entertaining. It paints the struggles in society of a pretty country girl who spends a winter in **Philadelphia**, and who is pretty and brīt enuf to enslave the royal notice of the most desirable young gentleman in society until she crosses the Rubicon and goes to visit relatives on the wrong side of Market Street." [Critic. **317**

√ MR. TANGIER'S VACATIONS. [by E: E. HALE: *Roberts*, 1888.] "Mr. Tangier is a city lawyer who stops his brain in the city just in time to prevent it from running away with his life, and flees to parts unknown for rest. The rest is quickly resolved into a lively interest in the country community about him, and thus the story goes on with a hop, skip, and a jump, taking in all sorts of brīt situations, and giving an opportunity for a great variety of entertaining social schemes. Mr. Hale's ingenuity never deserts him, and his rattle is a most diverting compound of sense and nonsense. Before one knows it one has pulled the string and gasped under a shower-bath of refreshing, stimulating ideas." [Atlantic. **318**

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS [Phil'a, 1882] = JUST ONE DAY.

MRS. PEIXADA [by "SIDNEY LUSKA," i. e., H: Harland: *Cassell*, 1886.] "is a very good story, thōroly thôt-out, well put together, and not painfully melodramatic even in its most striking situations. One cannot overlook the fact that a story made up of telling incidents, strange coincidences, crimes, and casualities, is of but little value; yet much may be forgiven a writer who can throw such an atmosfere of reality over the uncommon happenings he tells about, and whose characters are so distinct and interesting in their personality. Arthur Ripley and his chum, Julian Hetzel, are very pleasant acquaintances. Mrs. Berle, their landlady—whose husband is a commercial traveler and seldom at home—with her host of relatives at their informal gatherings, makes a unique setting for Mrs. Lehmyl. The inevitable cakes and wine which are passed in Mrs. Berle's parlor, the breezy mingling of english and german in the conversation, the music and talk, and cigars, are all touches which

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count. The peerless Mrs. Lehmyl, however, is the one for whom all the rest is spread out as a background. The vue of the river from Beekman Place is for her approval; all the music and discussion of Wagner is apropos of her magnificent voice, and leads to her singing 'Lehn deine Wang.' The chief objection to characters like Mrs. Lehmyl—in whom, long before she becomes Mrs. Arthur Ripley, the habitual novel-reader easily recognizes Mrs. Peixada—is that as a set-off to some evil-appearing fact of their lives, they must be endowed with so many and so hi excellences. They are apt to seem extravagantly painted. It is an inevitable drawback, however, to any novel which has its tragedy at the wrong end, that there must always be a shadow over the lives of some of the actors. We hope that "Sidney Luska" will use his undoubted faculty for story-telling in a way that will bring his readers closer to humanity, and lead both him and them entirely away from melodrama and sensationalism." [Nation. **319**

MODERN FISHERS OF MEN. [*Appleton*, 1879.] "The experience of a young, untried clergyman among the "Various Sexes, Sects and Sets of Chartville Church and Community" are depicted with a lively pen, some typical characters are presented and natural incidents occur... The interest of the story is sustained and satisfactory." [Penn. **320**

MORGESONS (The) [by E.. D. (B.) STODDARD: *Carleton*, 1863.] "is worth reprinting after more than 20 years since its first publication. It is an intensely **New-England** story. The life depicted is narrow, provincial, and uninteresting, but the characters have some of the stuff in them which makes them worth drawing. Technically, the best thing in the story is its vigorons, condensed dialog.—Sociologists have led us to believe that the type of New-England woman depicted in this story is almost obsolete; that life is daily becoming for her a little gayer and more reasonable." [Life.]—"I was particularly impressed with the childhood of the heroine, and the whole of the first part of the book. It seemed to me as genuine and life-like as anything which pen and ink can do. The latter part showed much power, but struck me as neither so new or so true. There are very few books of which I retain any memory, so long after reading them, as I do of 'The Morgesons.' I hope you will not trouble yourself too much about the morals of your next work—they may be safely left to take care of themselves." [Letter of N. Hawthorne, 1864. **321**

MY DAUGHTER ELINOR [by F. L. BENEDICT: *Harper*, 1869.] "deserves the credit of being an ambitious, and in some measure successful, effort to delineate a kind of social life which american novelists have seldom undertaken, and in which they have still seldomer achieved any appreciable successes... It is something to have perceived that, for the purposes of a society novel, the life of the wealthier classes of **New-York** and **Washington**, as being less provincial and less given to notions and 'isms' than New-England life, either in city or village, offered some promising material, and that political and financial crises afforded a newer and more suggestive field for lively writing than theological dogmas, the burden of which is no longer very severely felt, or than social questions which are rapidly settling themselves without attracting overmuch attention from 'society.' ... It suffers, however, in some degree from its excessive length, and to a much greater one from the author's desire to be always lively, effective, and brilliant in his style. Brilliant, however, he never is, but, on the contrary, often slipshod, always self-conscious, and sometimes even boisterously loud." [Nation. **322**

MY WIFE AND I [by HARRIET [E..] (B.) STOWE: *Ford*, 1871.] "may have been meant to be more a lesson than a delit, and possibly should not be deemed a novel, tho it is hard to consider it in any other way. The plot is meagrely this: A young country-bred college-graduate, who goes to **New-York** and lives by literature, maries, in spite of Mrs. Grundy, a young

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girl of wealth and fashion, and they set up housekeeping on one of the back streets; and in a little house which the artistic feeling and domestic genius of the wife have made beautiful, they live happily upon a pittance of $7,000 a year. Some toilers in Grub Street would not think this poverty; but Mrs. Stowe achieves for her young people all the social hardship of penury without its discomforts and privations... The purposes of the book are good, and we suppose the sketches of the women-reformers and she-Bohemians are not too hīly colored: but it seems to want all fineness of touch and mellowness of tone." [Atlantic.]—"The opening chapters are, by all odds, the most agreeable. There are few more charming pictures of life in a country parsonage than that in which she introduces her hero; and if all his affectional experiences were as delītful as his earliest, we should find this book to be almost peerless in modern fiction. The transition is indeed painful from the innocent bliss of his boyish courtship to the conceited young-mannishness of his college career, and later to the meretricious glitter of New-York fashionable life... The career of Henry Henderson is more interesting than himself. He is a 'newspaper man,' and in his acquaintance we enjoy opportunities of seeing the inside workings of **journalism**. We hope Mrs. Stowe exaggerates in her description of "The Great Democracy," but her account, no doubt, has a basis of fact, and is interesting. We were specially amused by her reference to the literary part of editorial labor... In addition to its general merit as a treatise on the woman question, there are many admirable things in this book, such as only Mrs. Stowe could do. The author's observations on fashionable life, and on our periodical literature, are shrewd and forcible; and the general filosofy of the work is vigorous and sound." [Boston "Literary World."] See *WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.* **323**

NELLY OF TRURO [by MRS. HORNBLOWER: N. Y.,—*Low*, 1857.] "is a really pretty, natural story, containing pictures of american country life and society, which are clever without pretence; and there is throuǒut a tone of refined good sense which we are glad to notice." [Athenæum. **324**

NEXT DOOR, see COUNTRY NOVELS.

NO GENTLEMEN. [by C L.. (ROOT) BURNHAM: Chicago, *Sumner*, 1881.] "Miss Hopeful Bounce, in the solitude of her Pineland farm-house. conceived the happy idea of advertising for summer boarders, with the proviso that they were to be wholly of her sex. Her modest announcement, attracted the attention of a party of Boston girls just graduated from school and desirous of storing strength against the trials and fatigues of their first winter. They accordingly engaged board at Red Farm and walked, talked, rode and climbed fences in maiden independence, until they came to a proper sense of the utility of the male element in human society. Need it be said that the author was all this time slyly engaged in providing for the introduction of this very element? It beamed on Red Farm, and, by degrees, changed acid to sweet, the green rind to the ruddy; and when the party returned to Boston, the winter's battle was, for some of its members, already won." [Critic. **325**

NO. 40 [by NANNIE W. TUNSTALL: Richmond, *McCarty*, 1884.] "is anonymous, but capitally written, without a trace of effort or art, and with clear verisimilitude to facts. It tells of a loveable young girl, a stranger at the Hygeia, who fires the affections of two gentlemen there, one a Bostonian who loses the prize, the other an old friend of her mother's, who wins it. It is a pleasing little tale, with a fresh piquant taste to it." [Boston "Literary World." **326**

OLD-FASHIONED GIRL, (An) [by LOUISA M. ALCOTT: *Roberts*, 1870.] "And yet it is a pretty story, a very pretty story; and almost inexplicably pleasing, since it is made of such plain material, and helped with no sort of adventure or sensation. It is nothing, in fact, but the story of a little girl from the country, who

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comes to visit a gay city [**Boston**] family, where there is a fashionable little lady of her age, with a snubbed younger sister, a gruff, good-hearted, mischievous brother,—as well as a staid, sensible papa, a silly, sickly mamma, and an old-time grandmother. In this family Polly makes herself ever so lovely and useful, so that all adore her, tho her clothes are not of the latest fashion, nor her ideas, nor her principles; and by and by, after 6 years, when she returns to the city to give music-lessons and send her brother to college, Mr. Shaw fails, and the heartlessness of fashionable life, which his children had begun to suspect, is plain to them, and Tom's modish fiancée jilts him, and Polly maries him, and Fanny Shaw gets the good and rich and elegant Sydney, who never cared for her money, and did not make love to her till she was poor. That is about all; and as none of these people or their doings are strange or remarkable, we rather wonder where the power of the story lies. There's some humor in it, and as little pathos as possible, and a great deal of good sense, but also some poor writing, and some bad grammar. One enjoys the simple tone, the unsentimentalized facts of common experience, and the truthfulness of many of the pictures of manners and persons. Besides, people always like to read of kindly self-sacrifice, and sweetness, and purity, and naturalness; and this is what Polly is, and what her character teaches in a friendly and unobtrusive way to everybody about her. The story thus mirrors the reader's good-will in her well-doing, and that is perhaps what, more than any other thing, makes it so charming and comfortable; but, if it is not, pleasing the little book remains, nevertheless." [Atlantic. **327**

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW. [by S. O. JEWETT: *Houghton*, 1879.] "It is a rare gift to be able to use the materials which lie close at everybody's hand. To do this requires tact and skill, as well as an observing eye and nicety of discrimination, and, moreover, such breadth of sympathy, such a 'fellow-feeling' for one's kind, that the events of the most common, matter-of-fact life seem worth the telling; and all this Miss Jewett has. She is not only one of the sweetest and most charming of writers, but her pages have all along suggestions helpful towards a kindlier and hier way of living; not tacked on in the shape of a moral at the end, but running throu them like a golden thread." [Boston "Literary World."]—"Miss Jewett will have an audience somewhat less numerous than some of the other story tellers, but she will have one whose quality will be of the finest, and whose admiration will be of the heartiest. The purity of her sentiment, the unstrained felicity and naturalness of her style, the thōro likableness of all the people to whom she introduces us, all conspire to render her stories about as nearly perfect in their way as anything can be. With which uncompromising sentiment the critic may as well take himself off, before he is tempted to some other enthusiastic utterance." [Good Company. **328**

OLIVIA DELAPLAINE. [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *Ticknor*, 1888.] "The scene is in **New-York**, and the dominant note is the love of wealth and the subordination of every instinct to the necessity of pushing on to secure a good place in the world. But Mr. Fawcett's picture of fashionable life is not an attractive one. His heroine, a young girl reared in affluence, is cajoled into marying a rich man, vastly her senior, whom she supposes to be at the point of death. He recovers and allows her to find out that he gained a young and beautiful wife by a successful ruse... The story is unpleasant in the extreme, and the only touch of humor to be found in the book is in a scene at an 8th Avenue boarding-house. This is extremely vulgar, but it is broad, natural vulgarity, with an ease and instantaneousness about it which gives the characters reality. We do not believe in being so nice that we cannot bear the vulgarest of people when they are acting naturally. But the vulgarity of some of Mr. Fawcett's fine people is too odious to be borne." [Amer-

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ican. 329

ONLY AN INCIDENT [by G.. DENIO LITCHFIELD: *Putnam*, 1884.] "is one of the most charming stories we have read lately. At first it seems only an amusing study of village [i.e., **Cazenovia, N. Y.**] life, but we soon see that both the humor and the study are such as Miss Woolson mit have given us—and we could hardly give it hier praise. When the story begins to develop, tho it is only the hackneyed plot of a beautiful city girl with her fine clothes bewitching the heart of a little country girl's lover, the treatment is most original, and managed with power as well as tenderness. For the city girl is no idle flirt; she never knows that she has captivated the lover—never tries for him, never wants him, never accepts him... She suggests capabilities, and altho she seldom proves them, one is so conscious of her perfect purity and candor that there is charm in spite of selfishness. The story, like the heroine, is unassuming, but full of interest." [Critic. 330

OPERETTA IN PROFILE (An) [by "CZEIKA," i.e., L.. E. Furniss: *Ticknor*, 1887.] "is one of the cleverest and most entertaining skits we have had for many a day. It purports to be the history of an attempt in a small suburban town to raise money for the church by an original operetta, full of local hits. The subject is suggestive enuf as a target for sarcasm, but the treatment lifts the little theme quite out of the range of ordinary burlesque, into the sfere of really brilliant satire." [Critic. 331

ORIGINAL BELLE. (An) [by E: P. ROE: *Dodd*, 1885.] "Mr. Roe has scarcely any of the qualities which go to make a first-rate novelist. His imagination is thin and slow, his ability to create natural people is not large, the conversations which he finds for them are such as never could be held outside a book, and his style is one of undiluted commonplace. That his books sell more widely than those of any american novelist is nothing to his credit. There will always be a larger audience for such work as his than there can be for the delicate art of Howells." [Church Review. 332

OSBORNE OF ARROCHAR. [by A. M. DOUGLAS: *Lee*, 1890.] "Miss Douglas has here attempted more and achieved more than in the last book of hers before it. That was a story of domestic economy, and dealt with chickens and roses rather than with feeling and character. The present book offers a picture of **Maryland** society in the transition stage, when the traditions of aristocracy are fading, and the practical spirit of the New South has not obtained complete ascendency. The heroine, one of a group of sisters dispossessed of a family estate by an inconvenient kinsman, becomes a clerk in a mercantile house, in spite of the protest of her incapable mother. She has overheard certain uncomplimentary remarks made by the inconvenient kinsman mentioned, in regard to the condition of the estate on his unexpected return from the dead, or rather from years of travel. These make her cherish a bitter hatred for him, which furnishes the proper 'motive' for the regulation love tale between them, wherein her anger is conquered gradually by his force and magnanimity. He is the stereotyped woman's hero, dark, oriental, masterful, Rochester-like. Two of the sisters also have their love histories, and each is so different from their elder sister, and from each other, that the principle of heredity seems to find little credence in Miss Douglas' eyes. Nevertheless, the characters, principal and subordinate, are well drawn, and the movement not more monotonous than girl's stories of domestic life have to be. As a result it is pleasant reading, without in any way being a powerful book, and is read with something like interest throu its four and a half hundred pages to the inevitable result." [Overland. 333

OTHER GIRLS. (The) [by A. D. (T.) WHITNEY: *Osgood,—Low*, 1873.] "In this little book there is plenty of sorrow and trial, but they are never depressing. The details of the narrative about 'the other girls,' what they did, what they said, what they thôt, desired, suffered and

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accomplished, have more analogy with american manners and customs than with english ones. The history of Bell Bree and Kate Sencer who went out to service, and made such a paradise of their kitchen as to tempt one to prefer it, for living in, to the finest drawing-room that upholsterer ever furnished, would not be possible as a literal experience in England; but the spirit which animated the 2 girls, the brĭt, cheery, helpful spirit, that makes all their work, in kitchen and parlor, quite a beautiful piece of life-work,—the spirit which would make 'drudgery divine, if we would only let it,' and which would help to drive away the dulness and commonplace which makes this world so weary to our lives,—is possible everywhere. We had marked a great many passages for extract; but it is better that people should buy and read for themselves this most charming and helpful little work, which is filled with thôts which will give rise to kindred thôts and put ideas into the minds of those who read it, which may result in the practice of unthôt-of ways of showing help and kindness to all, far or near. It is a most suggestive little book, and, tho rather rambling, if judged merely as a story, it takes in so many pleasant things and people, and tells of so many different interests, that few would wish it different from what it is." [Athenæum. 334

OUR UNCLE AND OUR AUNT. [by Amarala (Arter) Martin: *Putnam*, 1889.] "Of all the books which have been written with the purpose of ameliorating the condition of women, there are few which will prove more effective upon the mind of the average voter, than 'Our Uncle and Our Aunt.' The dry bones of argument and fact are thrown into the form of a lively tale, in which Uncle Sam and his wife play a conspicuous part; and the nearly impossible feat is accomplished of awakening an interest in characters which exist for the purpose of carrying on a discussion." [Nation. 335

OUT OF THE QUESTION. [by W: D. Howells: *Osgood*, 1877.] "Had this little comedy been launched upon the 'No Name' sea of literature, the wise public would doubtless have declared that there was the unmistakable touch of a woman's hand in it; that it was quite 'out of the question' for any man to have so subtle an intuition of feminine character. But what is the proof of true genius, if not the possession of this very 'double-nature?'" [Boston "Literary World." 336

PAGANS (The) [by Arlo Bates: *Holt*, 1884.] "is very clever and suggestive. It describes the doings and opinions of a knot of **Boston** artists and writers,—Bohemians in freedom from conventionalism and contempt for the standards of uncultured respectability,—not as regards personal morality or exclusive devotion to "wein, weib, gesang." To the common canons of morality they add another which they deem of at least equal wêt,—that no honest man may do artistically poor work because it is pecuniarily profitable. They preach the virtue of living up to one's ideals, even when these are not approved by society, and when popularity and luxury are thereby forfeited. The talk, of which there is much, is always interesting and sometimes brilliant. The book is worth reading more than once, tho we fancy that we owe its 'milieu' to the imagination rather than the observation of the author.—See, also, Notice of sequel, "The Philistines." 337

PETTIBONE NAME (The) [by "Margaret Sidney," i. e., Harriet Mulford (Stone) Lothrop: *Lothrop*, 1886.] "is a really unique and entertaining story even for one of the long-familiar type known as the 'tale of **New-England**.' The plot turns on the foolishness of an old man who has left all his property to his son, and later to his dauter with heroic sacrifice on the part of the dauter, for the sake of preserving the Pettibone name. All this part of it is very weak, and decidedly not New England like; but incidentally a great deal of genuine humor is woven in, and the story as a whole is well worth reading." [Critic. 338

PHILISTINES (The). [by Arlo

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BATES: *Ticknor*, 1889.] "Despite the difficulty of depicting the spiritual deterioration of character, Mr. Bates has been successful in his further delineation of the decline of Arthur Fenton, who, as the reader of 'The Pagans' will remember, on his mariage with Edith Caldwell eschewed Pagan principles for Philistine patronage. Just whether the Bartley Hubbards of humanity, even in dress coats, are inspiriting studies, is perhaps another question. The people of this new book are very much those of 'The Pagans', with some inferior additions; notably Mrs. Amanda Welsh Sampson and her small coterie. There is a broader field of action; we have human nature on a larger scale, brilliant social pictures, and talk on more varied subjects. One cannot but ask, however, is it wise in Mr. Bates, after so artistic a success as that of 'The Pagans' to give us a series of variations on the theme? All knew that Grant Herman's mariage must be a failure; that Edith Fenton would be called upon to go throu the test of fire in trying to live up to her creed of the obligation of maried love; that Fenton himself would easily decend into every Avernus which temptation could afford; that Ninette could never fulfil the complex requirements imposed upon her; and while we are sensible of the skill with which the author has traced the subtle law of development of each of their natures, we wish we had not been invited to drink this cup to its dregs. The book is full of clever situations, of masterful handling of material, of finesse, of brilliancy of style, and of epigrams which excite our warmest admiration." [Critic **339**

PHŒBE. [by MIRIAM (COLES) HARRIS: *Houghton*, 1884.] "'Rutledge', we have heard, still survives in successive small circles which have more youth than literary experience. For their sake, 'Phœbe' should be distinctly condemned. The early incidents are wantonly shocking, and all the rest would be possible only in a world where neither logic nor morals exist." [Nation. **340**

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY [by HARRIET [E..] (B.) STOWE: *Roberts*,— *Low*, 1871.] "is a short novel, showing the beguiling ways of a pretty american girl, whose sober-minded husband, having begun by thinking her an angel, allows her to spend his money, and makes no complaint of 'the inflammation of his weekly bills;' but his eyes are opened when he falls into misfortune, and sees her as she really is, and indeed, rather worse. Yet he magnanimously carries out Mrs. Stowe's moral, and, instead of complaining or deserting his wife, makes the best of her, and loves her loyally to the day of her death, and actually creates a loving heart in her frivolous bosom. The pictures of american fine ladies and the frenchified ideas of life and manners are amusing, but the story is very slit, and shows a state of society which is not healthful or pleasant." [Athenæum. **341**

PLAYING THE MISCHIEF [by J: W: DE FOREST: *Harper*, 1875.] "maintains an aspect of consistency and truth which puzzles us even if it does not convince. No doubt it is rather trying to the patience to concentrate our attention throu every page of a long novel upon a woman who, while she is, as the author describes her 'beautiful, graceful, clever, entertaining, and amiable,' is also a most incorrigible and heartless flirt, whose only persistent motive in life is selfish greed, and whose sole purpose, during our acquaintance with her, is to swindle the government... In spite of all defects, however, whether of structure or of style, 'Playing the Mischief' is one of the liveliest and most entertaining of recent novels, and we are confident that no one who reads it (unless it be a Congressman, who mit perhaps find it depressing) will find fault with us for recommending it." [Appleton's. **342**

POLITICIAN'S DAUGHTER. (A) [by MYRA (S.) HAMLIN, *Appleton*, 1886.] "Mrs. Hamlin has introduced us to new scenes. She takes us to a Massachusetts [**Gardiner, Maine**] town. A Boston snob who fancies that the fact that his great grand-father worked hard to live around Plymouth Rock gives him a patent

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of nobility, walks home with Miss Harcourt (the politician's dauter) from church. . . . Miss Harcourt bears herself in a spirited manner throuout the novel, rejects a typical politician's son, and maries Bradley. After this she was, we presume, translated alive to the hīts where the Boston Brahmins sit on hī and meditate on their great merits. 'A Politician's Daughter' is a clever story, sketched rather than filled out. There are some good satirical hits, and some speeches worth remembering. The style is interesting but careless: it is evidently the work of a woman of refinement whose observation of life is quick but not far-reaching." [Catholic World.]—"The qualities of this first essay lie in streaks,—some good and some poor. On the whole the average is in favor of the author, who should be encouraged to try again, and they are not against the reader, who may find an afternoon's entertainment in the story. The 'politician' is of the true Maine stamp, which has not proved of the hīest quality of late; he has a shady past and a lovely dauter; and the problem of the book is whether this dauter shall mary the man she loves, or Irving Chipman, who belongs to her father's political set, and who by knowledge of the father's secrets is capable of ruining him. The dialog is weak in spots, and becomes stilted and melodramatic; the descriptive passages are strong, sometimes even brilliant, and have the true touch of talent. . . . This book is just to the virtues of old **New-England** towns, alive to the beauties of old New-England homes, appreciative (with satirical asides) of 'Boston culture,' espouses the cause of the scholar in politics and, in the case of the Maine politician, holds the mirror up to nature." [Boston "Literary World."]—"A Politician's Daughter is written by a person who appears to have seen politicians in processions, perhaps, and their dauters in galleries, but scarcely to have had a nearer and more intimate acquaintance." [Atlantic.] The author's father was a senator and ass't secretary of the Treasury; her husband's father was governor, envoy, senator, and vice-president. [Boston "Literary World." **343**

POOR MR. PONSONBY. [by "DOROTHY FORSTER" in: *New-England Mag.*, Nov. 1890.] This story, by a (to us,) unknown writer, combines enuf good qualities to make successful a much longer work of fiction. It is interesting, and well written; it shows perfect familiarity with society without descending to personal allusions or upholstery; the characters are described not only with knowledge but with sympathy, and above all, the motive is original, and the device of the plot well concealed to the end. There is, too, a serious side to the tale in that the heroine,—a fine girl—who finds herself, unexpectedly, and undeservedly, in a painful situation, rīts herself without allowing her ill-luck to spoil her temper or affect her future. **344**

PRINCESS. [by M. G. MCCLELLAND, *Holt*, 1886.] "It is a pleasure to find a new story by Miss McClelland, whose 'Oblivion', was so interesting and artistic. 'Princess' has the same clear-cut style, artistic finish, and piquant coloring, and is filled with the same shrewd observation, comment, and picturing. The story is the old one of an unhappily maried man wooing an unsuspecting girl, and the treatment at first bids fair to be so satisfactory, that it is a disappointment to find that in the opinion of the author love is enuf." [Critic. **345**

PRIVATE THEATRICALS. [by W: D. HOWELLS: *Ticknor*, 1880?] "There was not much seriousness about 'Out of the Question' or 'Private Theatricals'; if there was a problem concealed in either it was, as one mīt say, a society problem rather than a social one. But there was unstinted sweetness and līt, a happy filosofy, a subtle, delicate, unapproachable humor, a style which touched all these qualities with its charm, and was itself the best of charms. It may seem wrong-headed and whimsical to wish that Mr. Howells had gone on producing work of this character, for clearly we should, in

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that case, have lost 'Silas Lapham' and perhaps even 'The Undiscovered Country.' But the wish is born of the sincere conviction that such work is most congenial to his talent." [Church Review. **346**

PRUDENCE PALFREY [by T: B. ALDRICH: *Osgood*, 1874.] "is a slīt sketch of New-England life, with numerous bits of satire and humor. The story opens with the young hero, John Dent, penniless, and madly in love with his uncle's ward, Prudence. Since he is anxious to make a sudden fortune before marying, he leaves for the West in search of gold-mines, but without any formal engagement. In this new region he makes his fortune, and loses it again by the treachery of his partner, 'Nevins.' Meanwhile, Miss Prudence hears nothing from him for a long time after his first letter, and lends a not wholly unwilling ear to the love-making of a Mr. James Dillingham, a young clergyman who had lately come to the place where she lived. News is brôt to the uncle (who favors Dillingham) that John is dead. Dent returns, however, and it turns out that Dillingham, the clergyman, is really Mr. 'Nevins' himself... In this case his course has occasioned the turning at the last of a sketchy tale of sentiment and **New-England** character into a tale of clumsy incident, and this is a rudimentary artistic blunder." Scene: **Portsmouth, N. H.** [Nation. **347**

PRUE AND I [by G: W: CURTIS: N.-Y.. *Dix*, 1856.] "is an american imitation of C: Lamb—brīt, sparkling, and humorous. It is written with a good-natured, self-complacent affability, which disarms criticism. It chronicles only the smallest possible beer,—but the beer is sweet and wholesome. It is chirping, cheerful, and inoffensive." [Athenæ. **348**

PURE SOULED LIAR (A) [Chicago: *Kerr*, 1888.] "is a story of some merit. At least it deserves notice for its choice of locale, in that it takes us out of the round of drawing-room and tennis-court life and makes a bold stroke for something more picturesque. The characters have a *BOHEMIAN* flavor, being mainly students in an art school, and the whole air and movement of the little tale may be said to be unusual... There is nothing unworthy here, either in morals or art." [Amer. **349**

QUAKER CITY. (The) [by G: LIPPARD: *Phil'a*, 1846.] "This novel was a weird and awful book,—an attack on society, in which Lippard spoke with the frankness of a frenchman, and the venom of an insane man. Society in **Philadelphia** was divided into factions. The laboring class was on the author's side, but the press generally condemned the story as vicious and unnatural, and people in hī places, who were said to have appeared as characters in the book, were outraged... More than 100,000 copies of 'The Quaker City' were sold, and it was re-published in London, and also in Germany, where it was issued over the name of F: Gerstäcker." [American. **350**

QUAKER GIRL OF NANTUCKET (A) [by M.. K.. [CONGDON] (JENKINS) LEE: *Houghton*, 1889.] "is the old and hackneyed tale of the child cast up by the sea, and the babies who are 'mixed,' but the dress of the old plot redeems it; for **Nantucket** is a picturesque setting for a story, and this, tho it is almost a child's story in its simplicity, yet takes the reader pleasantly into the company of the amfibious dwellers on the venturesome sand heap which braves the Atlantic. The study of Quaker character, both of the strict and the liberal types, is very good. Of course the story winds up all rīt, the mystery is cleared away, and both the waifs come to their own at last, but not before the reader has learned to like both boys and little women, quaker and butterfly, whom he has seen grow to be brides for them." [Overland.]—"Charming, idyllic, dreamy, with the unworldly purity of that isolated island, the book is full of incident, of delītful fancy, of clear characterization, and of a reserve force which makes us hope the author will in her next story try for deeper truths." [Critic. **351**

QUEEN MONEY. [by E. [W.] (O.)

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KIRK: *Ticknor*, 1888.] "The author describes this life just as it is, any exaggeration being due to misconception, not to wilful or stupid misrepresentation. His regret that it is not better or more is plain, and the feeling urges him to make the most of the ardor, honesty, and good aspiration which the country boy, Otto March, brings to town with him, and of the refinement and gentleness of that home where he finds his sweetheart. He perceives, as the unhappy Mr. Charnock says, that half heartedness is a fault of the age—a convenient absolution for Mr. Charnock and the rest of us, if we were not obliged to reflect that men and women make the age, and that, therefore, each individual is responsible for his share of its defects and virtues. For artistic purposes the author mīt have preferred that the indefatigable Arria White should have had a more moving grievance against her husband than his disapproval of her salad dressing, and he does faintly suggest one. If he had carried the suggestion further, he would have slandered his society. It is the american's naturally respectful attitude towards women, his innate respectability, which saves our enormously wealthy, notoriously unspiritual communities from moral corruption. It is the bad taste, the fysical beauty and vivacity, the mental superficiality and idleness of the Fanny Brockways, which lead foreiners and hasty native tourists to very unjust and false conclusions." [Nation. 352

QUEEN OF SHEBA. (The) [by T. B. ALDRICH: *Osgood*, 1878.] "Mr. A's books take one into good company, put him at his ease, and provide for him an entertainment which, if it be not hīly stimulating to his moral nature is, at least, entirely free from every suggestion of evil. This last novelette is perhaps the best that he has written. John Flemming, the impetuous lover of Marjorie Daw, reappears in this story, without strongly reminding us of his former self. The episode of the New Hampshire village into which the hero entered just as the inmates of the insane asylum had escaped, after having locked in their keepers, is sufficiently humorous; and the sentiment of the story which takes its rise from this incident is cleverly and artistically managed." [Sunday Afternoon. 353

RALEIGH WESTGATE [by H. (KENDRICK) JOHNSON: *Appleton*, 1889.] is "a rather pleasing and original story. The hero is a young man of hī antecedents and reduced fortune, he becomes—a book agent. The mingling of comedy and ideality makes the book entertaining, not only in the vicinity of York and Kittery [**Maine**]—the scene of the romance—but wherever leisure invites to the reading of līt literature." [Bos. "Lit. World." 354

REAL FOLKS. [by A. D. (T.) WHITNEY: *Osgood*, 1872.] "There is too much preaching in Mrs. Whitney's book, that is the truth. If it were to be read as a homily, there would be no fault to find, for it teaches sincerity, charity, and all active Christian usefulness. There is no objection to religion in novels, we suppose, even on the part of the ideally heartless critic whom Mrs. Whitney takes to task: and certainly we all desire novels to be pictures of human experience. The trouble with hīly moralized novels is apt to be that they are not pictures of human experience, but the experience of preternatural automata, and that the only real folks in them are the bad ones,—the awful examples to be avoided." [Atlantic. 355

RESPECTABLE FAMILY (A) [by RAY THOMPSON: Chicago, *Donnelly*, 1880.] "conforms to the conditions required of a good, readable, and useful story, and is indeed all of that. The 'family' in question is one living in the outskirts of **New-York** city, the young and hopeful member of which forms an honorable attachment for a worthy but plebeian girl of the nêborhood; a step which is regarded with great horror by his aristocratic parents. Both the young man and young woman behave, however, with great good sense and discretion, and in the end conquer the natural but unwise prejudice against their union, and are happily maried; the 'respectable family' entering into

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the festivities of the occasion with very good grace." [Boston "Lit. World." **356**

RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM. (The), [by W: D. HOWELLS: *Ticknor*, 1885.] "It is very gratifying to be able to say, after all the wonderful work Mr. Howells has done, that perhaps his last book is the best of all. It is always possible to criticise Howells: to say that he sometimes oversteps the line of good taste; that he is at bottom cynical and never heartily sympathizes with his characters, and so fails to catch in his stories the final glow of secret fire which would make them great and very great. But it is much better to appreciate what Mr. Howells is, than to seek out the few things that he is not. He is the most significant person in american literature to-day, and still on the up-grade; he is the man who has given american novel-writing its standing; who has achieved some virtues of insĭt and of expression that are new to literature. It is impossible to do justice to the precision and perfection with which he 'takes off' every-day life and speech; and more than that, he has only to turn his scrutiny upon the most bare and unromantic fāse of life, and the reader sees it in its true lĭt, as it appears to the one that is living it. When was the romance of business—the anxiety and pain and desire that do, in fact, make business life almost as full of human emotion as love affairs—so brôt out as in 'The Rise of Silas Lapham'? Moreover, there is a warmer quality in this than in any previous book—a movement toward the hĭer plane yet, that his admirers have always longed to see him rise to... But waiving criticisms it remains that both the love-romance and business romance are carried throu with an almost unparalleled comprehension of character and feeling, and perfection in expressing them. Lapham himself is, of course, the central figure, and nothing could be more perfect than the ruf man of success, all whose gentlemanly virtues at bottom cannot make him agreeable. No social study has ever made so clear the inevitable differentiations which create themselves in even a democratic society." [Overland.]—"Silas strikes us as an admirable characterization. If he is in certain respects a less original presentation than Bartley Hubbard, he is at least a hero who draws more strongly upon the reader's sympathies and takes surer hold of the popular heart. In fact, Silas, with his big, hairy fist, his ease in his shirt-sleeves, his boastful belief in himself, his conscience, his ambition, and his failure, makes, if we include his sensible wife, the success of the novel... While the Coreys try faithfully to compass the best which is known and thôt in the world, the Laphams go to the other extreme, and touch depths of ignorance and vulgarity almost incredible for a family living in **Boston** with eyes to see, ears to hear, and, above all, money to spend... But putting aside the humor and comedy, the book has other points of value, and as a study of a business-man whom success floats to the crest of the wave only to let him be overwhelmed by disaster as the surge retreats, presents a striking similitude to 'César Birotteau'... Each man, broken and bankrupt, displays in his feebleness a moral strength he had not shown in his days of power: thus the name 'The rise of Silas Lapham' means his initiation into a clearer and more exalted knowledge of his obligations to himself and to his kind." [Lippincott's.]—"His portraiture of 'Silas' as a 'self-made' man, ignorant in many ways, yet keen, quick and intelligent in all directions, a pushing, energetic striver after money, yet one who in the sorest pinch refuses to do a dishonest act, a coarse-grained man who yet possesses a fine sense of the point where honor sets its limit, a thick-skinned man who is yet sensitive to the voice of conscience,—this portraiture, we say, is entirely successful, and the whole story, designed to develope this character, and to present it as one type of american men, has artistic unity and completeness." [American. **357**

ROGER BERKELEY'S PROBATION. [by H.. (STUART) CAMPBELL: *Roberts*, 1888.] "This story is on the scale of a

cabinet picture. It presents interesting figures, natural situations, and warm colors. Written in a quiet key, it is yet moving, and the letter describing the fortunate sale of Roger's painting sends a tear of sympathetie joy to the reader's eye. Roger Berkely was a young american art student in Paris, called home by the mortal sickness of his mother, and detained at home by the spendthriftness of his father and the embarrassment which had thereby overtaken the family affairs. Roger is obliged for the time to abandon his art work, and takes a situation in a mill, and this trying diversion from his purpose is his 'probation.' How he profits by this loss is shown in the result. The mill-life gives Mrs. Campbell opportunity to express herself characteristically in behalf of down-trodden 'labor.' The whole story is simple, natural, sweet, and tender." [Boston "Literary World." 358

ROLAND BLAKE. [by SILAS W. MITCHELL: *Houghton*, 1886.] "The real interest of the story is to be found toward the end, in the uncommonly sweet and idyllic love-story, with its touch of melodrama. If it were not for Dr. Mitchell's firm grasp upon character, and the true and discriminating hand with which he paints it, together with his ability to interest the reader in that process of character growth which interests him, all of the story that precedes Blake's wooing by the seaside (save the war-scenes) would drag, —the milieu being thin, the 'dramatis personæ' scanty, and the action slow. But, as we have said, the studies of character are capital, and they would compensate for much. Olivia is one of the purest girl figures presented in fiction for a long time; she is not less well understood than the grosser and more worldly people of the book, nor less solidly bodied-forth, but an elusive and tender perfume hovers about her, and for once we understand as well as the author why the hero falls in love with the heroine... And when we say that Roland Blake is good, but hearty; hīminded, but not morbid; inflexibly true, just, and uprīt, but not a prig, and as much alive as if he were the villain of the book instead of the hero, the reader will understand that Dr. Mitchell has done something worth while. In seeing such an excellent fellow safely maried to so lovely a girl we have a hearty pleasure, which we should not know how to justify by canons of criticism. We must not neglect to say that, tho Dr. Mitchell is as true to real life as we could ask, he surrounds all his story, and especially the courtship between these two, with a tender, poetic atmosfere, which is the final charm of a charming novel." [Church Review. 359

ROOT-BOUND [etc.] by ROSE (TERRY) COOKE: *Congregational Pub. Society*, 1885.

ROSE IN BLOOM [by LOUISA M. ALCOTT: *Roberts*, 1877.] "is the sequel to 'Eight Cousins' [No. 239], and begins with the return of Rose, Uncle Alic and Phœbe from their travels in Europe. The cousins are united as before, with this difference only, that during the 2 years passed abroad, the indescribable change between childhood and youth and maidenhood has taken place, and those who parted as boys and girls meet as men and women, and see each other with different eyes. Rose, the heroine, is an excellent girl, who gains the hearty admiration of the reader for her filanthropic plans, and his hearty sympathy as well, in her doubts and disappointments. The book is præeminently a love-story, and one in which both young people and their elders will find interest. Its tone is thōroly sweet and wholesome, bringing to mind in many ways 'Little Women,' [No. 74] and like that it is full of brīt and funny sayings and doings, often so intermingled with pathetic and tender touches that we feel uncertain whether it behooves us most to lâf or to wipe our eyes." [Library Table. 360

ROSES OF SHADOW. [by T: RUSSELL SULLIVAN: *Scribner*, 1885.] "A piece of amateur water-color may easily produce an agreeable sensation, despite the absence of professional skill and confidence. There is a quality of refinement about such work,

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the out-come of good-breeding and good taste, which one accepts with satisfaction as a genuinely good thing. This is what makes Mr. Sullivan's timid novel, with its faint strokes, a book better worth reading than some which can more surely stand the test of criticism. The quality of refinement which pervades it is an agreeable quality. Even the club scenes take a harmless impropriety; there is no swagger about them, and one feels that a man of the world does not necessarily smell of brandy. More than this, there is a disposition to depend for interest upon real sentiment. One is honestly asked to care for a man who has been disappointed in love, and to be glad that a woman has escaped an unhappy mariage. We do not know that any great thing is to be expected from this writer, but if he will develop from a decorative into a constructive artist and retain all his fineness of tone, one has reason to hope for fiction of a quiet sort which may be genuinely good and interesting." [Atlantic.]—"There is a certain ingenuity in the story of 'Roses of Shadow.' It is not a pretty, or wise, or particularly entertaining story; but a mere will-o'-the wisp of a plot keeps the reader reading, from sheer curiosity as to what it can all be about. The sequel hardly proves worthy of the curiosity, but the book is unique in its ability to keep you reading what you don't particularly like." [Critic.]—"Granting all these defects, the book is still very entertaining, and does not in the end leave the impression of sadness threatened by the Niagara episode. The style is at once easy and refined, conveying most happily that atmosfere of good breeding and polite society which is indispensable to the novel of manners, but which so many of them lamentably fail of. The descriptions have the pleasant quality of not too much, except perhaps the scenes at Niagara, and those are fine in themselves, only they over-wĕt the story. The bits of **Boston** are picturesque and original, and this last means the more that they come after Mr. James and Mr. Howells. Of characters we find far more interesting than any of the leading personages an Italian artist and his New-England wife, of an incongruity and a sympathy each equally delĭtful. The book unquestionably promises a future." [Nation. **361**

RUBINA [N.-Y., *Gregory*, 1864.] "is a close and detailed picture of **New-England** life and character. The poor young orfans have a dismal time of it among their hard and coarse relatives. The sterner forms of Puritanism are well depicted. The scene at the funeral of poor Denis, with its harrowing and denunciatory sermon over the corpse of the innocent girl, is powerful and true. The character of the 'help,' Debby, is drawn from life and is admirably conceived and sustained. The book is, however, melancholy and monotonous. So many young and generous hearts beating themselves forever against the sharp stones of the baldest utilitarianism; so many brĭt minds drifting into despair in the surrounding chaos of obstinate, stolid, and perverse ignorance! It is a sadder book than 'The Mill on the Floss,' of which it reminds us. How the aspiring and imaginative must suffer in an atmosfere so cold and blĭting!" [Continental. **362**

RUTLEDGE, see *PHŒBE*.

SAY AND SEAL. [by SUSAN & ANNA B. WARNER: *Lippincott*, 1860.] "The scenes of this clever novel—for it has great merit, notwithstanding its faults of style,—are laid in the very unromantic state of **Connecticut**. Not in a forsaken and neglected hamlet, but near a brĭt, thriving village, full of school committees, bustling spinsters, busy workmen, and money-making shop-keepers, all unsofisticated, but very shrewd. There is the busy old housekeeper and her bustling dauter, both bubbling over with simplicity and activity. The inquisitive old maid, of staid manners, and hĭly moral, is painted to the very life. There is also a Mr. Linden, an eccentric schoolmaster, who is everybody's guest, talks learnedly on all manner of subjects, and contrives not to make himself understood on any. Mr.

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Linden is an excessively dull gentleman, but our authors have succeeded in making him perform well an interesting part in the story. The book is a clever and well-drawn picture of life in the country, and our fair authors have succeeded in investing it with a deep interest, notwithstanding the ruf quality of the materials they had to work with. It may be objected by some, that the dialog is at times heavy, and perhaps too diffuse." [Crayon. **363**

SEA ISLAND ROMANCE (A). [by WM. PERRY BROWN, New York: *Alden*, 1888.] "It is with considerable delicacy of touch that the character of the Southern heroine is drawn. The texture of the whole story is dainty and graceful. Its outline is simple; merely that of a youth and maiden who would fall in love with each other, absolutely ignoring the fact that there had been a war before they were born in which their fathers had been on opposite sides. By turns one finds himself in sympathy with the angry fathers and with the young culprits, with the Southern planter and ex-colonel who despises his thrifty Northern ex-general nêbor for making money out of fosfate rock, and with the Northerner's scorn for the ex-Confederate's hauteur and overbearing pride. The escape of the lovers is the case of Lord Ullin's dauter dualized, for in this modern instance the two fathers stand on the shore and beseech the storm to spare each his child, which it happily does, and they come back very securely united and forgive their fathers for having tried to separate them." [Critic. **364**

SEACLIFF [by J: W: DE FOREST: Boston, *Phillips*, 1859.] "is a very readable novel, artful in plot, effective in characterization, and brilliant in style. 'The Mystery of the Westervelts' is a mystery which excites the reader's curiosity at the outset and holds his pleased attention to the end. The incidents are so contrived that the secret is not anticipated until it is unveiled, and then the explanation is itself a surprise. The characters are generally strongly conceived, skilfully discriminated, and happily combined. The delineation of Mr. Westervelt, the father of the heroine, is especially good. Irresolute in thôt, impotent in will, and only occasionally fretted by circumstances into a feeble activity, he is an almost painfully accurate representation of a class of men who drift throu life without any power of self-direction. Mrs. Westervelt has equal moral feebleness with less brain, and her character is a study in practical psychology. Somerville, the villain of the piece, who unites the disposition of Domitianus to the manners of Chesterfield, is the pitiless master of this female slave. The coquettish Mrs. Van Leer is a prominent personage of the story; and her shallow malice and pretty deviltries are most effectively represented. She is not only a flirt in outward actions, but a flirt in soul, and her perfection in impertinence almost rises to genius. All these characters betray patient meditation, and the author's hold on them is rarely relaxed. A novel evincing so much intellectual labor, written in a style of careful elaboration, and exhibiting so much skill in the development of the story, can scarcely fail of a success commensurate with its merits." [Atlantic. **365**

SIDNEY. [by MA. [WADE] (CAMPBELL) DELAND: *Houghton*, 1890.] A beautifully told story, whose pathos is relieved from painfulness by the frequent interposition of delitfully humorous scenes. Its only fault is the unreal seeming of the "milieu" which, tho charming, has the effect of being a study after british novels rather than from observation at home. "In "Sidney," Mrs. Deland asks In a world where death is inevitable, is it worth the while to love? So far as one can reach her conclusion throu the characteristic and curious impersonality and impartiality of her style it is the Tennysonian, rather than the Dantean view,—that " 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," rather than that "it is truth the poet sings That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." "Sidney" is painted with a touch as firm and as delicate as that which gave us "John

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Ward". The canvas is larger, and more crowded with figures, and it is not the characters who embody and present the purpose who are most real, and therefore artistically successful, but the collateral and subordinate characters, who, being in the background, have nothing to do but be comfortably natural and human. Sidney herself has almost as little hold on our apprehension as has Undine: while Mrs. Paul and Kate, and even pathetically colorless little Miss Sally, come instantly into our acceptance with a step that rings healthily clear on every day ground. "The tale is of a man whose whole interest in existence is so centred in his wife that on her death he becomes a pessimist. Sidney is his only child, and from her infancy he makes it his care to rear her in his own beliefs: chief among them that love is the most monstrous mistake and irony in the universe, and is to be shunned as the most dreadful pestilence of life. [The following is from a review of "Margaret Jermine", London, 1886:—"A peculiar father is responsible for the peculiar infancy, education, and subsequent fortunes of the heroine. In despair at the loss of his wife, he rushes from the worship of love to an opposite extreme, in which he discovers, declares, and would fain propagate a filosofy which shall exclude love, and herewith suffering, from the human race. He is mad enuf to try the experiment in sober earnest on his only child."] The purpose of the tale is to show how Sidney exchanged these beliefs for others, more hopeful, if scarcely more usual, and how she bore the tests imposed on her by this literal change of heart. As we have said, the dependent plots and subordinate characters are very delitfully done, and are very living and instant in their appeal to our human interest. The scenes between Mrs. Paul and her son, and her son's very brilliant and very human wife, the Kate who is emfatically the most signal success of the book, are something quite wonderful in their grafic truth and pungent humor. Little Miss Sally, and her exasperating lover, in whose final entrance into a monastery we fervently acquiesce, are also admirable types, tho we cannot, with Mrs. Deland, deprecate the natural and wholesome contempt of healthy minds, for the man who, to the continual hurt of his fellows, pauses to wê a strained and morbid scruple against his obvious and honorable duty. Despite the somewhat gray atmosfere of the book, there are no tears in it. It moves throuōut in the dry līt of earnest purpose and well-wrôt art; it takes its place without challenge in the ranks of thōroly good literature; and it adds a fresh leaf to the enduring laurels won by the author of "John Ward." [Boston Transcript.]—"It is so curiously destitute of local color, so painstakingly supplied with english frases, habits and names, that not until after reading many chapters, and turning back to satisfy speculation on this point, is it found that Mercer, where the scene is laid, is a manufacturing town somewhere in **Pennsylvania**. True, the american cloven foot peeps out, here and there, in incidental allusions to 'ice-cream', 'the Perryville plank-road', and 'eggs at 35 cents a dozen', but in chief part, the tone of the story is so denationalized as to suggest affectation in the author. . . Little is there beyond an occasional hum from the world of workaday, a whiff of factory smoke drifting across a paragraf, to suggest that Mrs. Deland's men and women are of our time and land." [Critic. **366**

SILVER PITCHERS. [by LOUISA M. ALCOTT: *Roberts,—Low,* 1876.] "The first story in Miss Alcott's volume is a pretty temperance tale. It tells how three beautiful young girls made a league to induce the young men of their acquaintance to forswear the use of wine or stimulants. The young ladies in Miss Alcott's tale are americans, and the conditions of american society are somewhat different from ours, so that english girls, whilst adopting the spirit, must carry out the details according to their own sense of ingenuity and propriety." [Athenæum.**367**

SIMPLE HEART (A) [by S.. BARNWELL ELLIOTT: N.-Y., *Ireland,* 1887.] "is the story of a man who failed—always a

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pathetic subject,—and it is made more pathetic because it was the man's success which wrôt his failure. A simple-hearted carpenter in one of the ruf towns of **Texas**, he became a preacher, and raised the people to a level above his own, until they cried out for finer manners, a handsome church, and all which goes therewith. The humor in the little-tale is as marked as the pathos, and while the whole is told realistically, with no attempt at rhetoric or analysis, it forms an imaginative bit of insît into character and life that redeems it from being a mere fotograf of the commonplace and makes it a valuable study as well as a beautiful and touching story." [Critic. **368**

SOCIAL EXPERIMENT (A) [by ANNIE ELIZA (PIDGEON) SEARING: *Putnam*, 1885.] "is a quiet, refined, elevated story, a little thin perhaps in its portrayal of personality, a little lacking in color, somewhat too insistent of ethical theories, but a pure, womanly, helpful story, creditable alike to the author's mind and heart. The influence of 'George Eliot' is distinctly perceptible; rather, however, in the governing motives of the tale than in the method of its expression. The social experiment consists in the transplanting of a pretty and intelligent village girl to a home of wealth in **New-York**, where with native intuition she soons adapts herself to her new surroundings, and becomes a social success. 'She had a way of pushing unwelcome thôts behind her at all times, and without distinctly planning to be selfish, took 'the goods the gods provide, nor asked the reason why.' How the ties of her early years tîtened when she thôt them severed forever, how at length she hears the message that no real happiness can come to her unless she takes up her burden, and by self-sacrifice makes reparation for her selfish neglect of duty; and how she returns to the crude, hard conditions of her girlhood, to work out that self-sacrifice, and how at last she finds peace—this the author relates with sincerity and enthusiasm, appealing always to the better side of human nature, and not often appealing in vain." [Boston "Literary World." **369**

SONS AND DAUGHTERS. [by "H: Hayes," i. e., E. [W.] (O.) KIRK: *Ticknor*, 1887.] "There is, however, no such reward in store for those who wearily plod along with the 'Sons and Daughters' of a suburb of **Philadelphia**. The impossible creatures of the vanishing romance fulfilled their mission, such as it was, much more satisfactorily than do these dreary and insipid misrepresentations of actual life and thôt." [Nation. **370**

STEP ASIDE (A) [by C.. DUNNING [WOOD]: *Houghton*, 1886.] "is a love-story, with the old fashioned theme of love versus luxury. We can hardly agree with the morality of the conclusion, that a man should mary his sweetheart before he sees his way clear to support her, lest a richer may steal her meanwhile; but the lesson with reasonable limits—that is, that with youth and health, love and a very simple householding should be enuf for honest hearts, and desire for luxury should never stand in the way—is undoubtedly a sound one. 'A Step Aside' has throu all its first part quite an idyllic touch, with the fine old french father, the pretty Pauline, and the excellent Hugh. After the father's death it darkens to a threat of the tragic, in which the writer evidently feels uncomfortable, tho she does not allow her hand to tremble till she has carried the lovers safe throu to a somewhat shorn and tempered 'happiness ever after'." [Overland.] —"It is no lît thing to have done with so firm a hand. To depict nice shades of character and action without quibbling; to present the commonplaces of life without dwelling unnecessarily upon ignoble details; to be natural without being loose, and real without using an H H H pencil; to disclose the foundation of character without eternally fumbling at the roots of life; to be sturdily moral without being goody-goody; to draw people who are perfectly distinct without exaggeration of their characteristics,—to do all this is to do what belongs to a strong artist working in severely plain materials: and this Miss

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Dunning has accomplished with a success which excites our admiration, and leads us to praise with scarcely a reservation a book which is throu and throu an honest piece of work." [Atlantic. **371**

STORY OF A WALL-FLOWER [by "DOROTHY PRESCOTT", in *New-England Magazine*, Jan. 1891.] deserves as much praise, and for the same merits, as was given to "Poor Mr. Ponsonby." These tales are almost unique in that, being stories of society, they show no traces of imitation, conscious or unconscious, of english models, and in the striking originality of the central situation. **372**

STORY OF AN OLD NEW-ENGLAND TOWN, [*Cupples*, 1884] = No. 187.

STORY OF HELEN TROY see HELEN TROY.

STORY OF MARGARET KENT (The) [by "H: Hayes," i. e., E. [W.] (O.) KIRK: *Ticknor*, 1886.] "is neither a new nor a pleasant one. It is told with a certain degree of facility, however, which gives it the air of a commonplace, clever piece of fiction-writing. There is no lack of incidents or situations, nor of characters not well enuf drawn to be worthy of praise, nor yet poorly enuf drawn to deserve unqualified censure. The novel, in a word, is commonplace throuout. . . From the character of the book as a whole, however, one is inclined to think that the author has tolerably succeeded in what he set out to do, and one remembers that 'Not failure, but low aim is crime'." [Nation.]—"Its interest is the more striking because it depends, in one direction, only upon perfect simplicity of detail, and in another upon the somewhat hackneyed sensationalism of severe illnesses with remarkable cures of the people whom it is desirable to cure and the death of uncomfortable people who are better out of the way. It is a pity that it dwells upon a divorce, even tho the husband and wife are not divorced after all, and there are rather too many lovers in the story for belief, and the successful one is apparently the result of being obliged to have a hero of some kind... For a society novel it gives the graceful worldliness of fashionable **New-York** with piquant vividness." [Critic. **373**

STRANGERS AND WAYFARERS. [by S. O. JEWETT: *Houghton*, 1890.] "Every such volume of her work is sure to be delītful, and this well maintains the regard we have given to those gone before. In the hour of her hīest success she can hardly have surpassed 'The Town Poor,' or 'A Winter Courtship' or 'By the Morning Boat.' In these,—as in all others, indeed,—there is acute observation, deep sympathy, a delītful humor, and a fine literary art. No one, we think, writes such short stories as Miss Jewett. Others equal her at some points—may, at single points, even surpass her; but the complete result of her labor is a cameo, carved, polished, and finished, which bears study and yields pleasure at every point. She has worked her **New-England** field well, and has drawn so many characters from it that one mīt fear repetition, yet there is no appearance of this. As human character is so different the real artist can draw it in a thousand different forms without repeating. And to our view Miss Jewett is a true artist." [American. **374**

SUCCESSFUL MAN (A). [by "JULIEN GORDON", i. e., Julia (Storrow) Cruger: *Lippincott*, 1890.] "Daniel Lawton, at the age of 45, after having led a studious life among books, a progressive one among men and affairs, and a negative domestic existence as the husband of a worthy but uninspiring woman and the father of happy children, finds himself, by his enthusiastic nomination for the governorship of his state, the hero of the hour. All society is open to him. His entrance into that social stratum where living has become one of the fine arts is throu the guidance of one of those seductive women whose very fascination for men of character often consists in their superiority to the 'beau monde.' Constance Gresham was an 'elegante' both by environment and temperament; but she had the desire for fuller life, and she was dangerous to Daniel Lawton for just that reason. She recognized the force and the

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original feeling of the man; and these she wished to turn to account for her glory: so she made him the fashion in her world. But the nicety of the question is not the sincerity of the love between Mrs. Gresham and Dan Lawton; it is the recognition of the situation by Mrs. Lawton, and by the reader, who, more clearly than that stunned and groping woman, realizes that this is one of the irrefutable facts of life, especially of american political life. The question is psychic, not ethical; even Mrs. Lawton in her dull pain saw clearly that while she had settled into an absorbed and routine domesticity, hardly interesting herself in her husband's career, he had gone on doubling the 5 talents which had been given him until he was entering into that reward which worldly capacity com mands. It is here, when husband and wife are driving together, when she speaks, when he remembers all she has been to him, that the story closes—how we shall not divulge." [Critic. **375**

SUPERIOR WOMAN (A). [by JANE (WOOLSEY) YARDLEY: *Roberts*, 1885.] "The style of the work is easy, unaffected, and lucidly simple; its incidents, tho by no means startling or even striking, are such as are well adapted to the end of developing the character of the heroine... The scene is laid in the city of **New-York** and its environs, and the fact that there is no exhaustive study of the fashionable life of that city is one which calls for grateful praise." [American. **376**

SUSY L—'S DIARY [by ELIZA J.. CATE.] "had a wide and deserved popularity because of its purity of style and delicate delineation of character. The scene is laid in a **New-Hampshire** village, and the story embodies much of what was best and truest in New England country life half a century since." [Boston "Literary World." **377**

SWORD OF DAMOCLES (The). [by ANNA K.. (GREEN) ROHLFE: *Putnam*, 1881.] "On the whole the influence of the work is not bracing; there is the smell of the lamp about it; it is morbid, sensational, hysterical: it lacks repose, humor, pronounced articulation and anatomy. The style is wearisomely prolix, and the conversation of the characters has uniformly a school-girl formality and Johnsonian pomposity which is both tedious and comic. As a study of **New-York** life, however, the work deserves to meet success." [American. **378**

TAKEN BY SIEGE [*Lippincott*, 1887.] "tells the story of a country boy who goes to **New-York** to try his fortune as a journalist. Finally becomes managing editor, and maries the prima donna. There is an air of ingenuousness about the book which half redeems it, but it is an innocent story enuf." [Atlantic. **379**

TENDER RECOLLECTIONS OF IRENE MACGILLICUDDY (THE) [by LAURENCE OLIPHANT: *Blackwood*,—*Harper*, 1878.] "is worth noticing as an attempt, which has evidently made a hit, to portray from a foreign point of view the manners of **New-York**. It is interesting to notice what it is that has struck the author as the leading characteristics of the society which chiefly congregates in that expensive quarter. The freedom and the "smartness" of the young ladies, and the part played by maried men of a certain age in bringing them out, guiding their first steps in society, presiding at their début in the "german," entertaining them at evening repasts at Delmonico's—these points had been already more or less successfully touched upon. But the great feature of New-York fashion is the eagerness and energy displayed by mariageable maidens in what is vulgarly called "hooking" a member of the English aristocracy." [Nation. **380**

THEIR PILGRIMAGE [by C: D. WARNER: *Harper*, 1886.] "is the fruit of a happy idea, brilliantly conceived and well carried out. The idea of twisting together a love story and a panorama of travel is indeed not new... Mr. Warner's story, if such it may be called, has however, a much wider range of scenery for its accommodation, and is rather more a series of watering-place sketches than a novel. As such it is delitful. His fresh humor, his keen

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eye for the traits which distinguish the commonplace from its brother commonplace, and his well-defined but equally well-restrained sympathetic quality, always dashed with just a touch of cynicism, and sometimes, it must be admitted, yielding to fits of fastidiousness. Nevertheless few men could have tasted the changing fāses of summer life at all leading eastern watering-places with a more just appreciation of all, and it is instructive as well as delītful to follow him." [American. 381

THIEF IN THE NIGHT (THE). [by H. [E.] (P.) SPOFFORD: *Roberts*, 1872.] "The impression which this novel makes is a very curious one. The author sins against reality both by improbabilities of fact and impossibilities of sentiment. There is a misplaced splendor about it, a tawdry elegance, in which our New-England 'Ouida' delīts, which is as incongruous as a masquerade dress in a horse-car. The characters flaunt about in brocades and silks and satins; they dine off gold, and never speak without alliteration. They are as elegant as the ladies and gentlemen on tailors' pattern sheets, but look to see what they really are, and you find something equally offensive by reason of its silliness and its wickedness." [Nation. 382

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION [by F. [E.] (H.) BURNETT: *Osgood*, 1883.] "is the story, in its main lines, of a young woman entering Washington society just as a young officer in the army—who if he had staid longer in Washington would doubtless have won the young woman—left for the frontier. After 8 years, Col. Tredennis returns to find Bertha the wife of a man who is līt-minded and selfish. She has apparently thrown herself into society from a love of power and a pursuit of happiness, but the return of the friend of her youth is the occasion for a better knowledge of her. She has secretly retained her love of him, which has grown more intense with the decline of her respect for her husband. Throu one administration we are allowed to see the torture of this unhappy woman. Outwardly she is the brītest, the gayest, of mortals, and little by little these arts are made use of by her husband to accomplish corrupt ends. Col. Tredennis looks on in anguish. He refuses to abandon his faith in her, but that faith must rest upon recollection and occasional glimpses of her real nature; the sīt which is offered him is of a heartless, restless woman. . . It is plain that **Washington** society has given Mrs. Burnett much food for reflexion, and the lives of the men and women who draw their bread from official patronage are depicted with power and earnestness. There is much that is in protest against corruption, and there are glimpses of political life as seen from the interior." [Atlantic.]—"The book is full of charm and intelligence... It is exquisitely feminine,—full of the soft frou-frou of silken gowns, the odor of heliotrope, the sparkle of jewels on pretty hands, and the flutter of gracefully wielded fans. In fact, the interest of the book centres in Bertha, who is one of the prettiest figures in recent fiction: she fills the stage, and the men, who are subordinate characters, fall into appropriate positions,—the professor, the fact of whose paternity surprises himself, and who studies Bertha,—Richard Amory, who is Bertha's husband and the father of her children, but who, wrapped in love of himself and his objects, allows her to become 'une femme incomprise,'—Col. Tredennis, who loved Bertha from the first, but did not speak at the rīt time, hence is silent and faithful,—Arbuthnot, in love with Bertha, senators, etc., all admiring Bertha and revolving about her.—The Westoria Land Scheme, which gradually absorbs Amory, makes him use every effort in his power to promote its success, and he puts his wife into doubtful positions,—compelling her to do a little lobbying for him with her circle of admiring senators. But Bertha fīts her way throu her difficulties valiently to the end, and we could wish her better rewarded at the last. The final solution of the problem the incidents of the story have created is pathetic and hopeless." [Lippincott's. 383

THROUGH WINDING WAYS. [by

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ELLEN W. OLNEY [KIRK]: *Lippincott*, 1879.] "There is always a catastrophe in Miss Olney's stories, but in this the ending is better than common. The interest does not flag at all, tho we have found ourselves giving a sī of relief at its turning out so well. There are some unhappy things in it, but the characters generally are noble." [Boston "Literary World." **384**

TINKLING CYMBALS [by EDGAR FAWCETT: *Osgood*, 1884.] "is designed to show the hollowness of modern fashion as contrasted with that land of ideals and ideas which borders on the coast of that other land called Bohemia. Leah Romilly, its heroine, is the dauter of a lady who, in her ardent youth, had scaled the lecturer's platform at a time when to do so involved grave things... The end of this experience is to leave Mrs. Romilly stigmatized for life as a person of eccentric or immoral notions. Her young and beautiful dauter, bred among reformers and 'earnest thinkers,' hankers, with a perfectly natural reaction, after that other world where people are content to be beautiful and well mannered and well dressed, to take things lītly, amuse themselves easily and constantly, and not worry about 'subjects'. This world she finds in **Newport**, and she maries one of its denizens, a pet of society, charming and accomplished, who, with a rapidity of decadence known only to the theater, becomes within a twelvemonth an unmitigated, drunken brute; and poor Leah arrives at her real happiness only after his opportune death further in the story." [Boston "Literary World." **385**

TRANSPLANTED ROSE (A) [by M.. E.. (WILSON) SHERWOOD: *Harper*, 1882.] "carries its own scented atmosfere and the brītness of its coloring along with it, and gives a detailed account of the splendors of New York life, which, if material and prosaic, has at least the merit of intense realism... The society we enter is not alone fashionable, it is correct; and it is the author's function not only to show the privileges and delīts of the few, but to moralize upon the weaknesses of human nature in not keeping itself wholesome under the temptations of wealth and position. The heroine, Rose, a breezy Western girl, comes to visit her aunt in **New-York**, and meets successes which are in themselves troubles, since she is raw, untutored, undisciplined either by experience or good taste in the code of polite manners. Her progress is, however, rapid and the climax of her success (mariage to an englishman of rank), shows, no doubt, the fitting reward of virtue for all american girls. If a thread of sensationalism and melodrama had been excluded from the little book, it would better have presented the ideas which the writer wished to convey, besides being pleasanter and more readable." [Lippincott's. **386**

TRITONS [by E. L. BYNNER: Boston, *Lockwood*, 1878.] "is a wholesome and good humored tale of **New-York** life... Both stories are above the average, and impress one as being the facile work of a clever and agreeable man. There is real humor in each, especially in the too rare appearances of the gentleman in Tritons with a mania for china and interior decoration. 'Our drawing-room', he remarks casually at breakfast, 'is commonplace and inartistic. My design is to have the floor laid in 'Marqueterie' of different varieties of irish oak: to have the walls covered with japanese stamped leather, with a dado of ebonized cherry carved in cameo, after a mediæval design of hunting scenes and insignia for which I have drawings. The cieling I shall have painted in panels and cross-hatched with ebonized moldings, while for the frieze I am going to have a fac-simile cast of the Parthenon frieze actually set in the wall. What do you think of that, my dear?'—'I think it will be a jumble of an early english castle, a japanese palace, and a grecian temple, all shaken up and poured into a yankee parlor: and it will be frītful; but then you know I have no intuitive perception."—It is the legitimate function of Mr. Bynner's raillery to touch off the follies of respectable society. When he essays to irradiate with a glare of unnatural cheerfulness the lodgings of a crippled fireman, and to reduce

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to a series of jingling rimes the 'short and simple annals of the poor,' he fails." [Atlantic. **387**

TRUE TO A TYPE. [by RO. CLELAND: *Blackwood*, 1887.] "The hero of Mr. Cleland's story of unpolished american life is not an exact replica of Enoch Arden, tho there are several points of resemblance in the 2 characters. Joseph Maylor is true to a type in a more tragical fashion than the Laureate's hero, but the pathos excited by his misfortunes is not so pure and tender as that which is created by the poem... The gifts displayed by the author of 'True to a Type' are well suited to the telling of a humorous narrative of provincial existence in **New England**, and it is a pity that Mr. Cleland was not satisfied with a more commonplace plot. As for humor, there is plenty of a kind." [Athenæum. **388**

TRUMPS. [by G: W: CURTIS, *Harper*, —*Low*, 1861.] "The materials are drawn from the many-colored exhibitions of fashionable and commercial life in New York; and they are wrôt into a cabinet of portraitures which vividly reflect the familiar traits of the original." [Harper's]—"If this novel be, as it professes, a picture of american town life, America in general, and **New-York** in particular, must be a dreadfully vulgar place. The vulgarity is not on the surface,—not a vulgarity of mere manner, dress, or accent,—but a vulgarity which is innate, that oozes out at every pore; a vulgarity which seems to be congenital, as naturalists say, and to have been, moreover, handed down throu many generations. The vulgarity of worldliness pervades every page of this picture of New-York society; it is as tho the universe were suddenly changed into one great stock-exchange, where to make money and to spend it upon fine upholstery, fine dinners, and fine dress are the being's end and aim of all human creatures,—the chief end of man and his whole duty. There is no ideal, no disguise of science, art, fame, or antiquity; it is all being in business and making money in order to live in the abundance of material luxury; or else, being in business, to fail and become poor, to live in a small house, and to wear a limp white cravat, which, in this novel, at least, is always the outward and visible sign of having been unfortunate in business. If this novel be a picture of the manners of the day, all we can say is that America must be a dreadful place to be obliged to live in,—one great provincial town, with no metropolis in the distance, where better things mīt at least be hoped for, whether to be realized or not." [Athenæum. **389**

TULIP PLACE [by VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON: *Harper*, 1886.] "even if it does not strike one as a remarkably good portrait of **New-York**, is nevertheless full of a grateful vitality and vividness which make it an extremely interesting story. It has a little air of quaintness which seems decidedly of forein influence, and all its situations are too strained to be in the least like Mr. Howells' realism; yet it is all entertaining and suggestive, and combines so much humor, pathos, and thôtfulness, that the reader is sure to be delīted with it." [Critic. **390**

TWICE MARRIED [by CALVIN W. PHILLEO: N.-Y., *Dix & Edwards*, 1855.] is "a well-told rural story with carefully studied descriptions of character and scenes 'in the steady old state of **Connecticut**. [Crayon.]—"Has two extremely good points about it,—a short racy preface and the quality of not pretending to be more than it is,—viz., a lively, readable, amusing story of american rural life. The incidents cannot be called very probable, but when a reader is amused he does not care to be critical. The hero's character is well drawn." [Athenæum. **391**

TWO MEN. [by E.. D. (B.) STODDARD: *Bunce*, 1865.] "The reader will find that he has līted upon no ordinary novel. He will read it eagerly for its interest, slowly for its fullness, and he will lend it to those among his friends who have a sense for the uncommon, an ear for rare and fine melody, an eye for nature's scale of color, a soul to which nothing human is forein. By a majority of readers Mrs. Stoddard's book will be called queer and nothing more;

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and, truly, nothing is easier than to find fault with its angularities, its abruptness, its needlessly sphinx-like wording . . . Is it a Muse, this practical New-England woman whose story lies equally in the woods and in the kitchen, whose cake-making goes on at the same time with the plucking-out of men's and women's souls and holding them to the lit? It is precisely this mingling of the homely and the awful which gives 'Two Men' its quality. The rude **New-England** sea-coast life, with all its austerities, bears the relation to the character of the book which the moors of Yorkshire do to C.. Brontë's genius." [Nation, 1888,—by Emma Norton Ireland] —"In plot, in character and treatment, 'Two Men' is one of the most original books written by an american woman; it is original in its goodness and in its badness; the author's faults, like her merits, are almost wholly her own, and not Miss Shepherd's, as in the works of Miss Prescott [Spofford], nor C.. Bronte's, as in the works of Miss Harding [Davis]. . . Apart from this intensity, the literature of the book is excellent. The style is exquisitely clear and sharp-cut: the reader is hurried to the end with a tireless succession of events, and there is a peculiar pleasure and repose to the interest in being made to rest at last solely on the fortune of Philippa and Jason. Altogether the novel must be accepted as an original expression of american feeling, and its characters, however exceptional, as veritable american types." [Nation, 1865, —by W: D. Howells. **392**

UNCLE 'LISHA'S SHOP. [by ROWLAND E. ROBINSON: *Forest & Stream Pub. Co.*, 1887.] "Twenty-two sketches of homely life in **Vermont**, as it was a generation ago. The sketches are continuous in so far that they deal with the same characters, who meet for the most part in the shoe-shop of 'Lisha Peggs . . . So much for the mere external features of the sketches. It would be a mistake to think that the book belonged in the category of thread-bare New-England dialect fiction. Mr. Robinson has the art of a story-teller. and the gift of portrait-painting; and when now and then he touches upon the tenderer side of this homely life, he does it with a sure hand. The compactness of his style is remarkable, and his eye for picturesqueness in nature is keen and sympathetic. The book is racy, but very close to the soil. It is long since we have seen so masculine a treatment, and in spite of the extreme Yankeeism of speech and frase, the book impresses one as singularly fresh and genuine." [Atlantic. **393**

UP FROM THE CAPE. [by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH: *Estes*, 1883.] "The plea is presented in the form of a pictured contrast between a Boston family and a Cape Cod family, the two heads of which are brothers. The story is told by Jefferson, the son of the **Boston** father. The latter is 41, gray, careworn, sleepless, and dragging himself into an early grave with stocks, per cents, and chloral. The mother is given to Newport, another son is enjoying himself abroad, and the father is slaving his life away in the effort to feed the tastes of an ambitious, idle, and pleasure-loving family. Jefferson is the single exception, and his father's solitary comfort. Uncle Eben, down on the Cape, where Jefferson goes to visit, is 65, but looks younger than his city brother: has lived a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty, is content with such things as he has on the old farm, and exhibits a simple, homely character. Aunt Desire, his partner, is offered as the quaint and original figure of the book, and makes some amusement with her clam bakes, her unfortunate investments in the Rev. Dr. Gamm's Colorado mines, and her visits to Boston doctors." [Boston "Literary World." **394**

UPS AND DOWNS. [by E: E. HALE: *Roberts,—Low*, 1873.] "This story, dealing with the ruf and ready vicissitudes of practical life, contains greater variety of incident and character. Without revealing the mechanism of his plot, we may say that Mr. Hale traces the fortunes of a young american from his college days, in which he enjoys the advantage of inherited wealth, to the time when, having lost all

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by an adverse stroke of fortune, he succeeds in re-establishing himself in a position of independence, and shares his well-earned prosperity with a charming bride... The two heroines, Jasper's Bertha and Oscar's charming Ruth, are simply delītful. Self-reliant, as are all their country-women, and plucky to the verge of rashness in their battles with adverse circumstances, they never lose the essential gentleness which is so often mistakenly associated with fysical or moral weakness. It is notable, too, that, having fôt their own way most resolutely where the conflict was needed, they do not disdain to find the best reward of their success in the retirement of domestic love." [Athenæum. **395**

VIRGINIA INHERITANCE, A. [by E: PENDLETON: *Appleton*, 1888.] "Mr. W: Chatterton, of New York, is the rītful owner of the Virginia plantation concerned in this little story, but in order to claim his inheritance he is obliged to dispossess a poor, proud family of southern cousins who have lived all their lives on the estate in the full belief that it belongs to them. Accordingly Felix Perry, a New-York lawyer, is sent to Virginia to acquaint the southern Chattertons with the fact that they have no legal rīts to the place, and that they must renounce their sentimental ones. The lawyer does not find this task easy. Accident leads him to the Chatterton house and he becomes, against his will, domesticated with the very people he has come to put out of possession. He makes his mission known and tries to find quarters elsewhere but is treated with such magnificent courtesy, and it is made so clear to him that his presence on the spot is wholly desirable, that he settles down more or less contentedly to study the Virginia Chattertons. They are one of the typical southern families with which novels have made us familiar. In fact our northern story-writers go to the South for picturesque examples and contrasts, just as english novelists seek them in Ireland. From this imaginative point of vue, the South is an Ireland, unconquered and unconquerable,—swelling with pride, prejudice and discontent; thriftless, impracticable, talking of millions without a penny in its pocket, piquing itself on superior gentility and dining off a potato. What the South lacks, however, (in order to maintain the parallel) is the irish spirit of humor. These Virginia Chattertons, dilapidated and out-at-elbows as they are, strike us as too dull and solemn to be interesting... The scene soon changes from Virginia to **New-York**, where the southern Chattertons arrive to establish themselves. From this point the interest of the story seems to us submerged in the wider stream of character and events. Mr. Pendleton's study of his New-York people is not so successful as of his rather well-worn southern types. Mrs. Denvers, for example, altho given a striking part, does not play it in a way to engage the reader's sympathy. And indeed the general dénoument is rather too unpleasant for a story which has made no pretension to soar hī or penetrate deep into character and motive. Its purpose would have been better carried out had it contained more līt and cheerful effects." [American. **396**

WAR OF THE BACHELORS (The) [by G: F. WHARTON: New-Orleans, *Wharton*, 1883.] "is a comedy, but it is of an elevated tone; it is clean and free from coarseness; it is written with a good deal of vivacity and bonhommie; it shows really considerable wit and conversational brilliancy, and as a mirror of a fāse of **New-Orleans** life, we cannot doubt that it is accurate and vivid. As a composition it lacks background, but its figures balance well, and its dialog is well maintained. As a book there is too much of it. Condensation would improve it." [Boston "Literary World." **397**

WASHINGTON SQUARE. [by H: JAMES: *Harper*, 1881.] "Here the author pushes his acceptance of the commonplace almost to the length of audacity, and the story is painfully devoid of life, or color, or movement, or any salient points whatever. The heroine is the embodiment of all that is common-place and flegmatic, and pages of exhaustive analysis are ex-

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pended in defining and explaining this perfectly uninteresting and ordinary young woman, who is laboriously shown to be not wholly without the feelings common to humanity. The substance of the matter seems to be that no girl is too stupid or inert to fall in love if any man should undertake to make love to her, even from interested motives. In the character of Dr. Penniman a good deal of clever insīt is shown, and there are plenty of well-turned. slītly cynical remarks on the general order of things; but the story drags sensibly from a lack of the dramatic sense which enables an author to show, not that the common-place is common-place, but that beneath the common-place often lie the elements of drama which are unperceived by the ordinary observer." [American. **398**

WATCHMAN (The) [by JA. A. MAITLAND: N.-Y.,—; *Routledge*, 1855.] "is an interesting story of american life, full of incidents which are put together like a child's puzzle. No events in real life were ever so clean cut and so well fitted. The people who at the beginning of the book were apparently without either name or country find, in the last hundred pages, not only friends and relatives of the hīest respectability, but titles, estates, husbands, wives, and all the various rewards which in moral stories it is customary to bestow upon deserving virtue, and which, being always consoling to the reader's sense of poetical justice, is perhaps the reason why such stories continue to be read by rational beings." [Athenæum. **399**

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS. [by H. (E..) (B.) STOWE: New-York, *Ford*, 1875.] "This book brings us back to the circle of friends we meet in 'My Wife and I', and is superior to the earlier work... Intellectual strength and beauty of style are not to be found in this book; but one great merit it has: it is the record of quiet, unobtrusive, every-day life, which by thôtfulness make many share in the brītness of a little home in a back street. It shows the beauty and power of little acts of self-sacrifice and love, for which every life has ample opportunity, and which novelists are apt to overlook in straining after great deeds of heroism, which can enter into but few lives." [Penn Monthly.]—"When a pet dog 'ticks' across the room, and puts his nose between the 'slats'; when one young lady 'chippers', another 'snickers', [Mr. W: Black frequently uses "sniggers" in the same sense.—W: M. G.] and a third has 'miffs and tiffs', we know not whether we are studying a new and enlarged english language, or merely a dialect chequered with expressive but local flowers of speech. Of grammar, however, we think we do know something; and we should be a little surprised to hear a lady of good position, on either side of the Atlantic, say, 'I don't see as he has the least intention,' or, 'I don't see what's to object to'... Mrs. Stowe seems to advocate that kind of intersexual friendship, which, in some parts of our colonial empire, is called 'Muffining'. Muffining, in itself, is a pleasant amusement; at least, we have been told so by experts; but it is objected to by stern and experienced mammas as not conducing to the stern and serious business of matrimony. Indeed, it is said that muffins are seldom known to get engaged to one another, tho of course there may be exceptions. A male muffin is consequently looked upon by mammas as a noxious person, who is of no use himself, and frītens away those who mīt be turned to good account. It must be observed, too, that a muffin is not by law or custom compelled to limit his patronage to one young lady at a time; and there have been cases known in which a large-hearted male muffin has kept a whole charming family single for several years, and has at last 'discovered the state of his feelings' for an unknown chit of a girl in an adjoining parish." [Athenæum. **400**

WIDE-WIDE WORLD (The) [by SUSAN WARNER: *Putnam*, 1851.] "appears to have been written by an american lady of the evangelical school; and its special object is to show that human happiness depends less on the discharge of

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social and moral obligations than on the observance of certain conventional codes of worship. As a work of art, we can say but little in its favor; yet there are in it such descriptions of american scenery and so nice portraiture of character—especially female—as suggest the idea that the writer is capable of better things." [Ath. **0401**

WIDOW GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER. [by JULIE P. SMITH: Hartford, *Brown & Gross*, 1870.] "Writing this novel seems to have been a labor of love to its author. To her, at least, her imaginary world and its people have been convincingly real, and she has painted them with a brisk confidence in her subject, and in her ability to do it justice, which is far from unpleasant... She holds up vulgar and commonplace people to ridicule in a way which, to say the least of it, is not suggestive of over-refinement on her part. Her heroine, too, belongs to a type which seems to be fatally prevalent in our native novels —such of them, at least, as are written by women—the young woman who is tormented by a thirst for knowledge, who studies german while she washes her dishes, has a french grammar surreptitiously hidden in her mending-basket, and confounds her enemies and moves her lovers with fond pride by coming out at critical moments with pleasing facts in history or the last new thing in science. Still, much of Miss Smith's work is rather effectively done, and the way in which she displays her characters is often suggestive. Oddly enuf too, it is her faults which are her virtues; and with a more restrained vivacity and a keener sense of what ôt to be omitted in making her studies from life, tho she mīt produce more unexceptionable work, we doubt if she would be half so amusing as she is at present." [Nation. **0402**

WIDOW WYSE (The) [by H. MARR BEAN: Boston, *Cupples*, 1884.] "is an entertaining little book, good for its brevity, its swift movement, and its frequently clever bits of character. It is stated that Mr. Apthorpe is supposed to be the portrait of a well-known **Boston** wit [T: Appleton], but there is little to suggest the trenchant sayings of the gentleman who wished someone would be kind enuf to tether a shorn lamb at the corner of Winter and Tremont Streets during the winter and spring... The real art of the book—slīt and careless art, but none the less ingenious and clever—is in the delineation of the Widow Wyse: the fair young widow with that supreme art of fascination which is merely the ability to flatter—to make everyone, from the butcher's boy, almost, to Mr. Apthorpe, believe when he meets her that for the first time in his life he is appreciated. The skill, of course, lies in the subtlety of the flattery, and this, so difficult to reproduce in fiction, has been very cleverly given. We are not told in long paragrafs the woman's motives and her successes, but we see her at work. She flits from page to page, from friend to friend, from plot to plot, from airy speech to deliberate intrigue, with a capacity to foresee what may be useful to her, perhaps tomorrow, perhaps 5 years hence, which is exceedingly well reproduced by the author." [Critic. **0403**

WILLIAM HENRY AND HIS FRIENDS [by ABBY (MORTON) DIAZ: *Osgood*, 1871.] "will have a cordial welcome from all the readers of the 'William-Henry Letters.' The new book has, in greater degree, the merits of the first,—surprising unaffectedness, and singular fidelity to nature... The material of the book is of the simplest kind: it is merely the diversions and adventures at the farm during the summer in which Mr. Fry boards there with William-Henry's grandmother. William-Henry has been home some years from school, and throuȯut this volume is seeking that place in a great wholesale business which he gets at last. He is a veritable young man, as he was a true boy; and we believe there never were more genuine persons in literature than his cousins Lucy-Maria and Matilda, his Aunt Phebe and his Uncle Jacob. The sweetest moral is implied by the whole course of the story,—tho it is scarcely a story,—and it is full of a perfectly delītful humor. Indeed, as a humorist, Mrs. Diaz

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must be recognized among the first who amiably and profitably please." [Atlantic. **0404**

WOLF AT THE DOOR, (The) [*Roberts*, 1877.] "is a **Boston** story throu and throu. Without great pretensions to either originality, strength, or sharpness of outline, it is free from the commoner faults, and after detaining the reader for its hour will suffer him to go on his way with a pleasant impression. The interest turns on the love-fortunes of a young heiress, whose figure is very cleverly sketched, and toward whom one finds a pleasant feeling growing in his mind. By the 'wolf at the door' is meant the loss of her large property throu the manipulation of a pair of scamps; a disaster from which relief comes to her in the person of a faithful and worthy lover, whom she had nearly lost throu a misunderstanding caused by the treachery of an acquaintance." [Boston "Literary World." **0405**

WOMAN IN SPITE OF HERSELF (A.) [by J: CORDY JEAFFRESON: *Hurst*, 1871.] "This powerfully-written and exciting tale possesses several claims to public attention. In the first place the scene is laid in **Canada**, the oldest and most picturesque of british colonies. Every one who feels an interest in that hospitable land will read with eagerness and sympathy the excellent descriptions of life in the old dominion—english and french 'society', old-world habitans and fresh importations from the green and enthusiastic island, clerical and legal notabilities, garrison loungers, and colonial belles, are all presented to us in grafic and well-ordered groups. The scenery of the **St. Lawrence** affords a theme for Mr. Jeaffreson's descriptive power. In the character of Felicia Avalon, masculine in her accomplishments and her spirit of independent integrity, womanly in her enthusiasm and tenderness, her indignation and despair, our author has given good evidence of his creative originality. Not less admirable is the generous simplicity, the priestliness without arrogance or guile, which characterize her brother Felix; as charming, tho less original, is the rare nature of the hapless Jemmy, a type of those femininely gentle spirits occasionally to be found combined with intellectual vigor beyond the average of boyhood. When we add to these merits that our author is never dull, that his narrative never flags or fails in continuous energy, we have said enuf to indicate the general excellence of his work." [Athenæum. **0406**

WOMAN'S REASON (A) [by W: D. HOWELLS: *Osgood*, 1883.] "is an interesting contribution to the discussion of self-help by women, in the form of a narrative of Miss Helen Harkness' experience from the time when she lost her father, her lover, and her money until she recovered her lover and was relieved from the predicament in which she found herself. Not until she has sounded the gamut from decorating pottery to serving behind the counter in a fotograf shop is her lover allowed to come to her rescue. He is kept away by an ingenious series of disasters, but the reader awaits his final return with a calm confidence in the uprītness of the story-teller. . . Yet how thōroly enjoyable this story is to anyone who knows the originals! We are not certain that a familiar acquaintance with **Boston** and Cambridgeport and the Beverly shore can be dispensed with in a satisfactory appreciation of the characters and situations." [Atlantic. **0407**

WOMEN'S HUSBANDS. [*Lippincott*, 1879.] "Of three good stories here republished the first is 'The Barber of Midas', in which the course of true love is obstructed by the curiosity and meddlesome fussiness of a man who is intended to show that these traits are not exclusively feminine ones, and who fulfils the mission not too obtrusively. 'The False Prince' portrays the struggles of a snobbish man to hide his vulgar antecedents. In 'Narcissus', the third and best, the hero alienates by his self-worship the woman whom he loves, and maries her who only reflects his image. The latter dies but he loses his second chance from the same cause, and passes his life in unsatisfied longing for he knows not

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what." [Nation. 0408

WORK. [by LOUISA M. ALCOTT: *Roberts*, 1873.] "The plan of the story is simple. The heroine, an orfan, whose father has been a scholarly and refined man, leaves, at 21, the roof of the rather hard and coarse maternal uncle who had grudgingly cared for her so far, and 'seeks her fortune'. She becomes in succession a housemaid, an actress, a governess, a seamstress, a companion, a copyist, and—after due complications, of course,—a wife, and illustrates in every one of these capacities what is never once loftily asserted,—the real dignity of work. In the qualities which we usually associate with hi-breeding, when we admire it most sincerely,—courage, magnanimity, and delicate honor, first of all in money matters,—Christie's character is peculiarly rich: and he who has proved that these qualities are quite as often found in the obscure as in the splendid walks of life, has done much to bind together the best of every class. Christie, —honest, unfastidious, generous, brilliant, affectionate Christie, is a lady everywhere; and following the checkered path we have indicated, has worked out at 40 a rather shadowed, but sweet and significant destiny. She is but a ruf crayon sketch beside the exquisite cabinet picture of Kitty Ellison, in 'A Chance Acquaintance,' but the motif of both portraits is the same, the grace and the glory of the same order of womanhood is celebrated in both, vehemently by the woman, chivalrously by the man." [Boston "Literary World."]—"This book, which covers a larger field than her other stories, fully sustains Miss Alcott's reputation. Vivacity, clearness, a straitforward directness and earnestness of purpose, pathos, with much skill in filling out the details, are among the hi qualities which carry us throu the story, with increasing interest." [Relig. Magazine. 0409

YESTERDAY. [by E. WINTHROP JOHNSON: *Holt*, 1882.] "The book has a positive moral interest as a picture of what life may be made, or more, how a life may even be redeemed; how one mistake, one great sin it may be, need not bring utter ruin, tho a man had no better faith in him than this. The story leads over delicate, even dangerous ground, but, throuout, conduct is judged with a temperance and justice which commands respect in spite of the lower motives. The rattling pace of the opening chapters should not repel the reader, and he will find himself repaid by the picture of an **actor's** life from a novel point of vue. Grace Delahay, the heroine, is an ennobling example of the restraining influence of a fine-souled woman even when her direct efforts are thwarted, and her only opportunity is the silent witness of steady pure-living." [Nation. 0410

YOKE OF THE THORAH (The). [by "SIDNEY LUSKA": *Cassell*, 1887.] "A Jewish artist of repute in his native city, **New-York**, meets and falls in love with the dauter of a yankee customer. Before declaring himself he has a mental struggle over the commandments in the Thorah which forbid under pain of dire penalities the mariage of a jew and a christian. But the man conquers the jew and the day for the wedding is fixed. Elias then confides his secret to his uncle, the rabbi, who calmly tells him that the Lord will interfere, and that the mariage never will take place, and in apparent conformity with the profecy Elias, in the midst of the ceremony, is stricken with a epileptic fit. The disease so affects his character that he readily succumbs to his uncle's influence, renounces Christine, and maries a jewess. ... Mr. Harland has created several life-like personages, notably the rabbi and old Redwood, the rude, uncultivated, straitforward father of Christine. Altogether the best part of the book is that describing the manners and customs of the german jews, who are one and all depicted with grafic power. Nothing could be better in their way than Mr. and Mrs. Blum and Mr. Koch, with their free and easy vulgarity and warm hearts, or Tillie Morgenthau, with her prosaic, flashy demeanor and musical genius." [Boston "Literary World." 0411

YOUNG GIRL'S WOOING (A) [by E. P. ROE: *Dodd*, 1884.] "throws no lit

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on the problem of his unquestionable popularity. The large annual circulation of such unqualified trash may be an encouraging sign of the times to the sentimental moralist, than whom no human being has less faculty for looking facts in the face, for seeing life as it is, or for properly conceiving what it should or mīt be. The thôt that it is read at all must depress those who believe that the average literary taste is some measure of average intelligence, of national soundness, mental and moral." [Nation. **0412**

ZACHARIAH THE CONGRESSMAN. [by GILBERT ASHVILLE PIERCE: Chicago, *Donnelley*, 1880.] "Its theme is commonplace, and its workmanship is of the cheap and salable grade. Zachariah is a sensible Westerner, whose head—and we may add whose heart—is turned by political flattery and preferment, and whose misfortunes begin with his election to office and his removal to **Washington**. He there forgets his old and worthy friends, and forms new and dangerous ones, and becomes a wiser man only by first being made a sadder one. A certain verisimilitude underlies parts of the story, and there is a quaint truthfulness in much of the dialect which is woven into it; but its purpose hardly goes further than mere amusement, and in that respect it cannot afford satisfaction to a very hī order of taste. Some things in it are rather silly." [Boston "Literary World." **0413**

A revue, after all, is often in a strange language to every one not acquainted with the book under discussion; but if this has been read the comments of the revuer have more significance, his points are understood, and his praise or dispraise more keenly relished or disrelished. There is always great pleasure in comparing opinions, and no doubt immense satisfaction in finding one's own discernment confirmed. So much greater is the interest in reading a revue after, rather than before, reading the book, that I often wonder whether this is not the best purpose of criticism. If I may judge by my experience and personal likings, a revue is of little interest unless the book is already, in some measure, at least, familiar. But, if that is true, what, again, becomes of the cash value of the revue? Leaving this narrow monetary side of the question, it is certain, I think, that the aggregate influence of book-revues is an aid to literature. It may be difficult to trace this influence in many instances; it may often glance without effect, and sometimes repress rather than help deserving productions; but as a whole, it no doubt widens the knowledge of literature and nourishes the taste for it. It is not, indeed, certain that literature would be possible to any large extent if there were no heralds to proclaim and no chorus to celebrate it. [O. B. Bunce.

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It is a very pleasant thing to finish reading a book and feel that one has made a charming new acquaintance. Men and women who are entirely congenial and delītful are by no means common in this world, even if one lives in the midst of its best society; and some of our dear friends are people who live all the year round in the little three-walled houses made by book-covers. Yet *their* every-day life is as real to us as *ours*; their houses and their fortunes and misfortunes are well known to us, and we are sure of a thousand things about them that we never saw in print. The inner circle of our friends mīt be a broken one if it were not rounded and completed with such companionships as these. But one thinks not so much of the luxury of having these friendships as of the necessity for them, and of the good it does everybody to know nice people, of the elevating power a novel may have if it carries its readers among people worth knowing. It is certainly a great force in raising the tone of society; it is a great help in the advance of civilization and refinement. A good story has a thousand readers where a biografy has ten. Who is not better for having associated with the ladies and gentlemen to whom certain novelists have presented us? One instinctively tries to behave his very best after meeting them, and admires their hospitality, their charity, their courage in adversity, their grace and good-breeding. How many tricks of speech and manner we have caut in such society! How often we have been moved to correct some carelessness or rudeness, of which we were unconscious until they taut us better! Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, a hundred others, have unwittingly done much more than entertain us with their stories: they have taut many people good manners; they have set copies for us to follow in little things and great. To have spent a Week in a French Country House—as I hope we have all been lucky enuf to do—will save us from seeming awkward on any repetition of that charming visit. If we have never been abroad at all we feel that when we are in France, by and by, and go into the country, it will not seem at all strange. It is a pity that so little is known of *our* pleasant people from the story-books. The best of our gentlemen and ladies have kept very much to themselves; at any rate, they have few representatives in fiction, and do not mix much with the familiar types of character in American novels. Do they have themselves privately printed, and are they rīt to be so shy as they are, and to keep their fashion of doing things to themselves? Are the authors who write about american life afraid of seeming to copy forein stories if they say too much of the people who, from a social point of vue, are best worth knowing and reading about? The country life and local dialects and peculiarities, with their ridiculousness and pathos, the energy and restlessness and flashiness and unconventionality, the ostentation, of americans have been held up for us to look at again and again. There are many of our nêbors across the water who think the american girl of the period, with whom they have become acquainted, is the best type that can be found. It is too bad that there have been so few stories of agreeable, hī-bred american men and women, and that our best society has been so seldom represented in fiction. It is certainly not because it does not exist, and more books which show us such characters as these would do much good. [Atlantic.

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